



SLOGAN

SLOGAN 77

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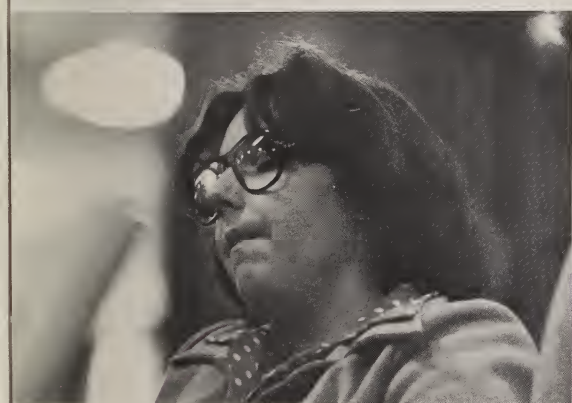


Lest, as principal, I seem to be inordinately concerned with uniforms, neatness and the obeying of rules, I have set down a few more important feelings I have about Branksome. I share with many alumnae and present students a love for our school which I have had since coming in grade 7 many years ago, a love which continues despite our capricious heating system, strangely behaved windows, and narrow hallways. I am proud to be a part of Branksome because of the many good people who have always been associated with it — Board, staff, and students. We have always been most fortunate to gather people into our community for whom service to the school has been a joy. I feel proud when I witness the dignity of our students at our Carol Service, or when they act as hostesses and guides on parents' night, when our choir performs, or when we welcome, as we did this winter, debaters into our school from all over metro, and when I witness the friendly, courteous treatment the students give any individual visitor to the school. The enthusiastic appreciation they exhibit for our teams and for those who have excelled athletically or scholastically is a pleasure to watch. Although the main concern of our school, or any school, must be academic achievement, it is care for others, service, and high spirit which make Branksome tick. Our old girls know this. Our new girls find it out.

My congratulations to the students and staff for this successful year and my special thanks and best wishes to those who are graduating.

Allison Roach

OFFICE STAFF



ENGLISH



LANGUAGES



Mathematics



Phys. Ed. and Swimming



Guidance





History and Geography



Sciences



Home Ec. and Typing



Drama, Art
And Music

Slogan Editors

Editor-In-Chief
Assistant Editor-In-Chief
Literary Editor
Sports Editor
Junior School Editor
Advertising Editor
Lay-Out Editor
Assistant Lay-Out Editor
Photography Editor
Staff Advisors

Diana Harris
Diana Coulter
Cathy Morrow
Debbie Seagram
Margot Haldenby
Christy Gunton
Marie Lange
Jackie McClure
Kathy Johnston
Miss Kenny
Miss Morden





Editorial

Another year at Branksome Hall is finished and for some, it was the last. But whether graduating or returning, each one of us has her own memories of the past months. We have experienced several new teachers and new activities, and next year things are bound to be different. We hope that the Slogan will help to keep those memories green, (and red, black and white).

Next year you will notice changes in the physical character of the school. So take a good look around Main House before you leave for the summer. We have included pictures of the areas of the school that will be changed. Look at them next year, and remember.

The Editors would like to thank all those who helped us fill our deadlines. We are grateful for the excellent photography of Mr. Roe, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Johnston and Kathy. We had a few hectic weeks when our little green room was a flurry of paper. We hope the Slogan has survived the whirlwind and is a good representation of the year.

Please support next year's yearbook staff as you have us.

Diana

IT NEVER RAINS ON OUR PARADE



Graduating with a MRS.



Sad Farewells



Child Prodigy

Photographs by Harry Roe

Prize List 1975-1976

Junior School Prizes

GENERAL PROFICIENCY

Grade 1: Matthew Doull
Grade 2: Lisa Gelinis
Grade 3: Suzanna Mayer
Grade 4: Catriona Padmore
Grade 5: Catherine Temelcoff
Grade 6: Stephanie Griffiths
Grade 7R9: Kelly Hawke
Grade 7R10: Amanda Warley
Grade 8R4: Clare Palmer
Grade 8R7: Kate Wiley
Grade 8R8: Susan Farrow

The Bone Memorial Prize for French in Grade 8
Liza Fung

Alexander Ward Bursary for Music
Suzanne Toro

Ann Bayliss Cup for Public Speaking in the
Junior School
Tracy Dalglish

Stephanie Telfer Memorial for School
Enthusiasm
Martha Allan

Alumnae Prize for Outstanding Contribution to
the Junior School
Jane Crawford



Mass Exodus

Senior School Prizes

GRADE 12 PRIZES

Home Economics: Maple Lo
Fashion Arts: Marie Lange
Art: Marie Lange
Commercial Subjects: Lynda Copeland
French: Margaret McFarland
English: The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize
Catherine Morrow
History: Eileen Smith
Geography: Michelle Arena
Chemistry: Kimberlee Campbell
Mathematics — The Dorothy G. Phillips Prize
Pauline Look
Latin: Margaret McFarland
Physical Education and Health
Maple Lo, Eileen Smith

GRADE 13 PRIZES

The Helen L. Edmison Memorial Prize for
Biology
Christine Kelsick
History: Shirley Brown
Geography: Deborah Cardwell
Mathematics: Alison Leapman, Regina Wan
Chemistry: Regina Wan
Physics: Virginia Gibson
The Hélène Sandoz Perry Prize for Art
Patricia Abraham
French: Barbara Moffat
French and Spanish: Ilse Von Glatz
English (The Elizabeth Kilpatrick Memorial
Prize)
Shirley Brown

ONTARIO SCHOLARS

Patricia Abraham
Shirley Brown
Dinah Chisholm
Virginia Gibson
Barbara Guthrie
Joanne Hamlin
Catherine Hector
Gloria Ho

Alison Leapman
Nancy McKee
Barbara Moffat
Lori Nero
Ilse Von Glatz
Regina Wan
Janet Wright
Sally Wyatt

MEDALS

The Lieutenant Governor's Medal for Scholarship in Grade 8: Jane Crawford

The Ruth Caven Memorial Medal for Scholarship in Grade 12: Eileen Smith

The School Medal for Scholarship in Grade 13
Regina Wan

The Governor General's Medal
Shirley Brown

The Jean Hume Memorial Medal for Leadership
Virginia Gibson

Essay Competition

Grades 5 and 6: Stephanie Griffiths
Grades 7 and 8: Catherine Stevenson
Grades 9 and 10: Janice Suarez
Grades 11, 12 and 13: Cynthia Bongard

Contribution to Music: Christine Gregory

Loyal Co-operation in the Residence — The
Kathleen C. Shaw Memorial: Deborah Cooper

Library Service: Janet Wright

French Library Service: Anne Reynolds

Service to the Debating Society: Shirley Brown

Service to the Drama Club: Elizabeth Pitfield

Service to the Slogan: Catherine Hector, Janice
Thomson

Junior School Public Speaking —
Grades 1, 2 and 3: Shelley Burdass
Grades 4, 5 and 6: Melanie Evans
Ann Bayliss Cup for Public Speaking: Tracy
Dalglish

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION PRIZES FOR ART

Senior School

First: The Grace Morris Craig Prize —

Patricia Abraham

Second: Moira Tasker

Photography: Laureen Newman

Junior School

First: Clare Palmer

Second: Liza Fung

Third: Martha Morden, Zenobia Amarili

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION PRIZES FOR HANDICRAFT

Senior School

First: Patricia Osler

Second: Elizabeth Pitfield

Third: Grace Bolton

Junior School

First: Catherine Stevenson

Second: Kathryn Liptrott

Third: Kelly Hawke, Jennifer McNab

ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION PRIZES FOR POETRY

Senior School

First: Patricia Osler

Second: Tracy Smith

Junior School

First: Fiona Greenaway

The Edgar Gordon Burton Memorial for Personal
Achievement: Denise Preudhomme

The Jennie E. MacNeill Prize for Citizenship
Patricia Abraham

The Carter — Ledingham Prize for Outstanding
Contribution to the Senior School:
Shirley Brown, Virginia Gibson

Sports Prizes

BADMINTON

Singles: Martha More

Doubles: Robin Heintzman, Martha More

SWIMMING

Under 11 Champion: Susan Garay

Junior Champion: Kate Wiley

Intermediate Champion: Maureen Sullivan

Senior Champion: Shirley Brown

Diving Champion: Maureen Sullivan

TENNIS

Senior Singles: Brenda Davidson

Open Doubles: Brenda Davidson, Jane Fraser

BOWLING

Junior Champion: Karen Mooney

SPORTS DAY

Under 11 Champion: Darcy Bett

Junior Champion: Carmen Jeffery

Intermediate Champion: Martha McLeod

Senior Champion: Kathryn Morawetz

Open 75 yard dash: Carmen Jeffery

BASKETBALL

Clan Cup: Scott

Class Cup: 11R10

VOLLEYBALL

Class Cup: 12R1

Clan Cup: McAlpine

Class Cup for Participation in Activities

Throughout the Year: 13R4

CLAN AWARDS

Junior School: Robertson

Fraser Award to the Chieftain: Amanda Palmer

Senior School: McAlpine

McLeod Award to the Chieftain: Robin Heintzman

ATHLETIC AWARDS

Junior (Gr. 9-10): Sheila Buchanan, Ann Duncan, Rebecca McCormack, Martha McLeod, Lavita Nadkarni, Marianne Reynolds, Suzanne Shamie.

Senior (Gr. 11-13): Shirley Brown, Sandra Smythe, Carolyn Stinson, Maureen Sullivan, Heather Wildi, Bridget Wiley.



For all those who, once again, find themselves not mentioned in the above lists, the Editors of the Slogan propose these additional awards.

The Date Turnover Award — for the girl with the greatest number of boyfriends in one year.

The Sour Grapes Award — for the girl who wished she had the greatest number of boyfriends in one year.

The Most Wanted Award — for the girl whose name appears most often on the Black List.

The Humpty Dumpty Award — for physical failure on the balance beam.

The Midget Award — for the girl who manages to graduate in her Grade 9 oxfords, Grade 7 blouse, and Grade 1 tie.

The Mrs. Sarniki Award — for the girl with the cleanest locker.

The White Cane Award — for the girl whose name most often appears on the Blind Date list.

A Bronzed Runningshoe — for the girl with the greatest collection of late slips. The runner-up for this award would be the girl who should have had the greatest collection of late slips — but escaped.



Friends,

It is difficult for an outsider to understand the friendship and sense of community that exist at Branksome. Sometimes we too find it puzzling, yet our school somehow combines a wide variety of interests and personalities to form a community that is both fun and productive.

This feeling of friendship with one another does not come from a textbook. It comes during morning prayers when one is trying to hold in one's laughter while a friend is making a desperate attempt at an announcement, or when everyone gets together and cheers the volleyball team to victory.

The spirit of Branksome is one which encourages the individual to share her personal talents towards making the whole a success. Our school can be even greater once everyone is willing to contribute. For me, shared experiences form a large part of what has made this year a success, for it has been said that to share is to see beauty twice.

Thank you, Branksome

Eileen.





Prefects

Head Girl
Sports Captain
Junior School Prefect
Grade Nine Prefect
Grade Ten Prefect
Grade Eleven Prefect
Grade Twelve Prefect
Residence Prefect
Head of Communications
Committee
Head of Beta Kappa
Head of Ophleo
Editor of the Slogan

Eileen Smith
Cindy Bongard
Margot Haldenby
Robin Heintzman
Carol Stinson
Leslie Beattie
Kim Campbell
Marie Lange
Liz Pitfield

Marianne Montgomery
Jane Wiley
Diana Harris



Appointments 1976-1977

Head Girl

Eileen Smith

Prefects

Leslie Beattie	Cynthia Bongard	Kimberlee Campbell	Margot Haldenby
Diana Harris	Robin Heintzman	Marie Lange	
Marianne Montgomery	Elizabeth Pitfield	Carolyn Stinson	Jane Wiley

Sports Captains

Senior School	Cynthia Bongard
Junior School	Julia Allan

Clan	Chieftain	Sub-Chieftain
Bruce	Alison Wiley	Sarah MacCulloch
Fraser	Marilyn Wallace	Sarah Chisholm
Grant	Rosemary Maxwell	Andrea Mori
Johnston	Jennifer Pitman	Fiona Greenaway
Robertson	Judith McClure	Mary Morden
Campbell	Elizabeth Campbell	Ginny Campbell
Douglas	Sandra Smythe	Ginnie Cooper
MacGregor	Heather Wildi	Melissa Gracey
MacLean	Anne Fraser	Ann Duncan
McAlpine	Bridget Wiley	Janet Hall
McLeod	Marilyn Barefoot	James Gilbert
Ross	Lisa Lucas	Marianne Reynolds
Scott	Philippa Harris	Margaret Moffat

Class Officers

Class	President	Secretary — Treasurer	Sports Captain
7R8	Jennifer Thompson	Carolyn Douglas	Catherine Herridge
7R9	Cari Cogan	Stephanie Toro	Pamela Taylor
7R10	Shiona MacKenzie	Janice Loudon	Wendy Buchanan
8R3	Virginia Harris	Dawn Clough	Laurie Hrushowy
8R4	Margot Wright	Heather Davies	Kathleen Stinson
8R7	Heather Harwood-Nash	Julie Robertson	Sandra Palmer
9R14	Bryn MacPherson	Rebecca Upjohn	Catherine Saunders
9R15	Margaret MacMillan	Amanda Woolham	Dana King
9R17	Kate Wiley	Susan Farrow	Signy Eaton
10R16	Andrea Hector	Margaret Lawson	Molly Falconer
10R18	Susan Drew	Kathryn Campbell	Monica Dashwood
10R19	Victoria Pinnington	Susan Martin	Sally Rigby
10R20	Joanne Stinson	Lisa Trinchin	Diana Wishart
11R8	Margaret Moffat	Theresa Norris	Martha McLeod
11R9	Melissa Gracey	Carolyn Helbronner	Judy Garay
11R10	Ann Duncan	Wendy Aird	Ginnie Cooper
12R3	Michelle Proulx	Barbara Morris	Bonnie Smith
12R4	Gillian MacCulloch	Patricia Parker	Jacqueline McClure
12R5	Debra Colman	Laura Allen	Diane Farquhar
13R1	Stacy Orr	Kathryn Guyer	Kathryn Morawetz
13R2	Alison Gilbert	Linda Breithaupt	Brenda Bartlett



SPIRIT

"RIFF, RAFF, ROLLY, OH HOW JOLLY!"

Some collected
memories of
B.H.S. '76-'77

September: Help! Ten months to go!

October 1: Ever
wondered why
a B.H.A. foot-
ball player's socks
never stay up?
-B.H.S. football
team vs. St.
George's.



5: Caught with
egg on their
faces?



-Teachers' initiation
to clans.

8: Scarlet Women
infiltrate Branksome
- Prefects' Installation

15: ♪ Christmas ♪
Carols in October?
-first Carol Practice
♪



Oct. 24: U.C.C.
takes back seat as
Brankome wins Car
Rally (even with a
Root Bear break!)

-First Prize winners of
U.C.C. Car Rally (L→R)
Maureen Sullivan
Jean Normand
Jill MacCulloch

25→29: Icky-A ticky,
Ooey-Nooey Jello
-Ramabai week Pick-on-
a- Prefect Jelly Throw



30: "That's the way,
uh-huh-uh-huh, we
like it"

- The Root.



November 1: A "haunting" performance - the grade ones present their Hallowe'en Play

5: "Oh! I thought it was volleyball!"

-Old Girls' Basketball Game



"No, I'm sorry. I don't think they need any ballerinas."

-Stratford Festival (Hamlet)



18→26: "Repeat after me; Exams are fun...
Exams are fun..."

-November Exams





December 12:

*Where angels
go...*

-Christmas Carol
Service at St.
Paul's

14: Tomorrow...
Carnegie Hall

-Choir sings at
T.D. Centre

14: "Listen, I heard
one scream!"

-Christmas Clan
Gathering



16: Booster
Distributed

-our first newspaper



January 10-11:
Snowbound!

- school closed due to
unbelievable snowstorm

12: Bye Arrol,
Hello Panayiotis!

- Branksome receives
new foster child

26: Freezing frauleins
watch firefighters
frantically fight flood

- Jr. School thanks
Fire Dept. for their
assistance



29: B. N. A. hosts (hostesses?)
the Metro Toronto Regional
Debating Tournament.



Branksome Revives its
Heritage

- Scottish Dancing lessons
offered to all.

TAKE A GOOD LOOK AROUND

The Buildings Change, But the Spirit Remains



SCOTT

The ones with upholding support.

Heels over head with many thanks

Pippa and Marg
Love



DOUGLAS



With the pure spirit of Douglas

We will climb the stairway to heaven.

Sandy and Ginnie



MacLEAN

Branch by branch MacLean is climbing to the top. Thanks for an outstandingly fantastic year MacLeanites!
Anne and Ann



ROSS

We're sweeping up and taking them away,
USHKA BUSHKA what a great day!

Love

Lisa, Marianne and Herman





You pass with flying colours!

Love
Bridget and Janet

McALPINE



MacGREGOR

We're bursting with energy and filled with fun.

Thanks for a great year and for being such good sports. Roaring with love, Heather and Missy.





CAMPBELL

The Campbells aren't coming
anymore.

They're here.

Ne Obliviscaris
Liz and Ginny



McLeod really sets 'em on fire.
Bundles of luv
Marilyn and Janet

MCLEOD



JUNIOR SCHOOL CLANS

Bruce

is bursting with spirit;
Alison and Sarah



Fraser

United we stand
Divided we fall
If we stick together
We'll beat them all!
Marilyn and Sarah





Grant

"Never heard the word impossible,
This time there's no stopping us."
Rosie and Andrea



Johnston

Until we are declared the best
Johnston's spirit will never rest!
Jenny and Fiona

ROBERTSON

Robertson's the tops!
Judy and Mary





ACTIVITIES

THE OPHELEO SOCIETY



"Where angels go, service follows."





The aim of the Opheleo society is to assist others who are less fortunate than us. This involves carrying out our commitments yet always finding room for untrodden ventures.

In September, Christmas cards, each attached with a ribbon or balloon, were sent as usual to the Ramabai Mission. New this year were the pre-Ramabai week chocolate bar sales. Not everyone was on a diet, as the bars sold out rapidly. The enthusiasm of the students and staff alike resulted in some first-class campaigns. Among the most successful were a submarine sandwich sale, a car wash, a candy apple sale, in addition to the customary bake sales. The Junior School's contribution was tremendous and their eager support was very much appreciated. The total amount of money collected was over sixteen hundred dollars which was distributed to a variety of agencies, both in Canada and countries overseas.

Pens inscribed with "Branksome '76-'77" made their debut on Parents' Night in November. Because of an overwhelming response, the pens came back for an encore and were sold during the second term.

At Christmas, the tree outside Miss Roach's office was used as a place to put voluntary gift donations. Over two hundred gifts were deposited under the tree and later distributed to needy people in downtown Toronto. Also, at this time, the members of the Opheleo Committee sold roses for the Ontario Heart Foundation. Committee members can now be identified since we have re-instituted the wearing of an Opheleo pin, a small silver triangle, inscribed with the Greek letters for "I serve".

Erol Baruldy, the foster child supported by Branksome since 1972, has now graduated from school and has been employed as a technician. Our new responsibility is another little boy, Panayiotis Tsouknos, from Greece.

It is February and in the next few days we will be holding our annual penny collection, this year in the form of a penny roll.

Our staff liaison for the society is Miss Baker who provided us with invaluable advice and assistance. Her support has been instrumental in obtaining our goals, and on behalf of the executive, I wish to extend my sincere appreciation.

Jane

BETA KAPPA

Executive

President: Marianne Montgomery

Vice-President: Alison Gilbert

Treasurer: Susan Hendrick

Secretary: Carroll Barnicke

The Trials and Tribulations on the Day of a Dance:

"Don't worry! Even though the band was supposed to be here three hours ago, everything will be fine.

The dance doesn't start for half an hour."

"Why is it that we always have six more girls than boys for blind dates?"

"Do you think if we hang the decorations up wet, the paint will run?"

"Oh my goodness, they missed the filling in that sandwich."

"What do you mean there are no blind dates for the formal?"

"I think I'll go home and have a nervous breakdown before the dance."



Even though things got a little hectic on the day of the dance, everything seemed to come up roses in the end. The Ramabai Rout, which was held in late October, was a great success thanks to the many people who helped us. We are now preparing for the School Formal which will be held at the Rosedale Golf Club on Friday, March 4. We have the group, and the replies are in, so we are off to a good start.

A few changes were made in the organization of the committees this year and they all proved to be very successful. The enthusiasm was also overwhelming, which made our job a pleasure. We really appreciated the help everyone gave us and we enjoyed working with one and all. A special thanks to Miss Northgrave, the heads of the committees, and their members, as without them we would not have done so well.

Love, Marianne

Alison

Sue

Carroll



Decorations
Linda Breithaupt and Jennifer Guy



Art
Nancy MacKenzie and Jackie McClure



Publicity
Cory Long and Jill MacCulloch



Food
Gill Osler and Nancy Riley

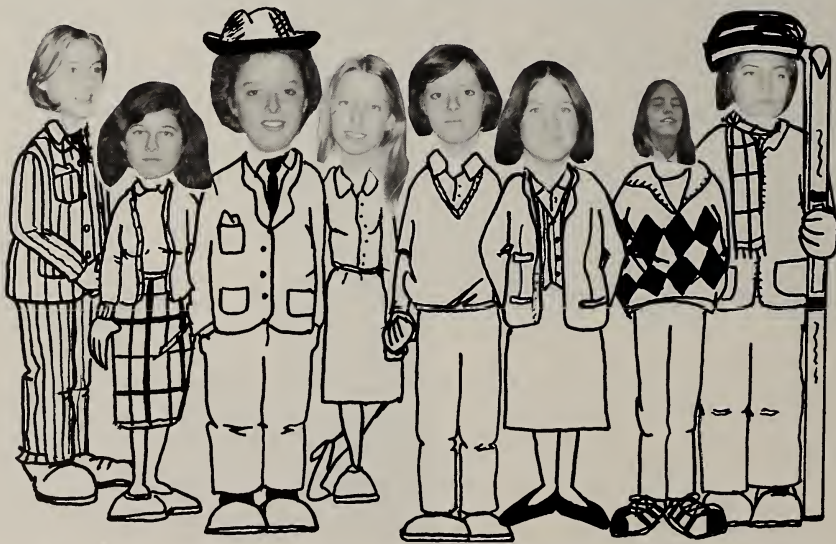
DRAMA

From drinking hot chocolate to directing the play, this year has been a fantastic experience for me as President of the Drama Club. Along with Miss Taylor and a cast of eight, we worked hard to produce "The Mousetrap", a Mystery by Agatha Christie. Many thanks go to Debbie and her technical crew.

The Drama Club also enjoyed participating in the Cabaret Show, under the direction of Sandra Smythe.

Laurie

CAST OF THE MOUSETRAP



From Left to Right: Mr. Paravicini, Jane Moses; Mrs. Boyle, Ann Whomsley; Major Metcalf, Cindy Hughes; Mollie Ralston, Bonnie Smith; Giles Ralston, Lyssa Davies; Miss Casewell, Jill MacCulloch; Christopher Wren, Sheila Buchanan; and Detective Sergeant Trotter, Hayley Parker.

DEBATING



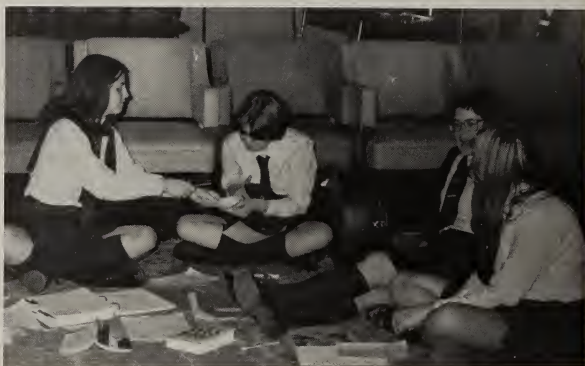
Debating got off to a great start this year as the teachers met the prefects to decide whether or not Miss Claxton's push pins are necessary to the well-being of the school. Although the judges were in favour of the Opposition (the teachers), the House ruled that the Government was victorious. On February 29, approximately fifty nervous debaters from schools across Toronto descended on Branksome, the host of the Metro Finals. Mothers and fathers became judges, the executive became cookie bakers, the junior debaters became Madam Speakers. The day was a great success, Branksome's two teams did very well, everyone enjoyed themselves and the new debating robes were displayed (on us) for the first time this year, in the final debate of Branksome's first tournament. We would like to thank Mrs. Zommers (our loyal chauffeur and coach), Mrs. McRae, our executive and especially all the people who debated this year. Nancy and Sue, or Sue and Nancy.

ABSENT: Kim Garside, Amanda Woolham.

CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP



BACK ROW: Clare Palmer, Trish Parker, Sarah Cork, Liz Herridge.
FRONT ROW: Suzanne Toro, Ines Hack, Sharon Vardy, Francis Murphy.



"As you have sent me into the world, so I have also sent them into the world." (John 17:18)

These words were spoken by Jesus to the Father in reference to his disciples. The responsibility of bringing the Good News does not rest only on the shoulders of His twelve chosen helpers. Today the motto of the Inter-school Christian Fellowship (ISCF) is "to know Christ and to make Him known."

Whether one attends a church on Sundays or not, we hope to provide practical midweek activities encouraging a Christian outlook EVERYDAY. That sounds, and frequently is, tough, but as someone once said, the life of a Christian is like dieting: if you succumb to cream puffs one day, there's always the next day to face the challenge of fattening foods and to resist. Each day brings difficulties but it also brings God's grace.

It is good to remember that we are the only variable in the equation of life. Christ is the constant: "the same yesterday, and today, and forever." (Heb. 13:8)

"May the Lord keep watch between you and me when we are absent one from another." (Gen. 31:49)



ABSENT: Sharon Vardy.

LIBRARY



A circulating library in a town is as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge."

R.B. Sheridan (1751-1816)

THE RIVALS, Act I

Now that attitudes have changed, the library is more important than ever. Many people have helped make Branksome's Resource Centre more than a place to toil over "diabolical essays". Many thanks are extended to the hard-working members of the Library Committee and to Mrs. Dick.

Cathy and Sharon





CHOIR

FIRST ROW, L. - R.: Anne Yarnell, Anne Whicher, Cathy Morrow, Ines Hack, Vicki Pinnington, Sharon Vardy, Debbie Colman, Claire-Anne Bundy, Kathy Sharf, Michelle Arena, Trish Parker, Liz Herridge, Jacqui Shykoff, Frances Murphy, Jennifer Borins. SECOND ROW: Carol Pierce, Suzanne Neilson, Kathy Johnston, Susan Emery, Heather Irving, Sarah Cork, Judy Quinnhill, Joanne Feekery, Suzanne Toro, Kim Hartill, Pat Christie, Frances Berry, Neo Gaobepe, Judy Garay, Nancy Craig. THIRD ROW: Amanda Graham, Tracy Smith, Sharon Munro, Margaret Moffat, Laura Allen, Joan Anderson, Nancy Hill, Diana Harris, Hilary McPhail, Lise Hafner, Michelle Proux, Marianne Reynolds, Jan Anderson, Mr. E. Davey. ABSENT: Patricia Lasky, Kim Garside.





Forty-five roaring voices are chatting loudly, one trying to shout down the other. Suddenly, there is dead silence because Earl Davey (le Roi) has entered. He raises his hands, commanding attention. Magically, forty-five angelic voices sound in unison. Yes, this is the Branksome Hall Choir!

The choir activities started this year with a rehearsal weekend at Camp Couchiching; for many new faces, this was their first taste of the wild choir's life.

The first performance of the Choir and the Chamber Choir was at St. Paul's Anglican Church. This was followed by a concert at Spring Garden Baptist Church, and participation in the annual Branksome Hall Carol Service. Christmas singing ended with a lunch hour concert at the Toronto-Dominion Centre. Plans for the spring include a four-day tour and a Spring Concert at the St. Lawrence Town Hall.

I extend thanks to our inspiring director, the choir's executive, and to the school for their continuing support. Finally I would like to thank the members of the choir for their enthusiasm.

Love,
Ines

CHAMBER CHOIR





BOARDING



Diet? What Diet?



My Hair's Not That Greasy?



Residence life is an experience that no one should miss!

This year we have had many memorable experiences. Not only did we have drama and swimming, but we also had inter-house sports and birthday "diningroom jogs". Who could ever forget the chilly fire drills, midnight laughs and shaving cream, those inexhaustable telephones. 12:30 rushes for food and mail and of course, allowance day lineups to see Mrs. McMillan!

Life in boarding teaches us more than how to have a good time. In such an environment a person learns to live compatibly with others and accept them for what they are.

Thanks to all of you — Buccleuch, Main, Sherborne, Ainslie, and MacNeill — for making this a great year!

Take Care,
Marie





I told you not to use bleach!



Chopsticks mastered at last!





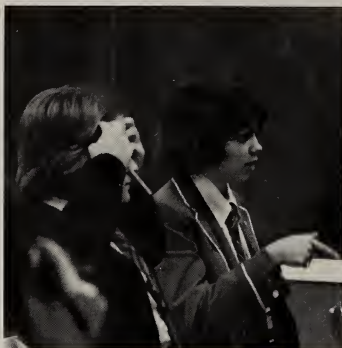
GRADS



JAN ANDERSON 1970-1972, 1976-1977

Campbell

Memories: Clan and school sports, choir, Mrs. Dowie's accent, Johnston's first year, swinging on the swings, coming back as a boarder and loving it (despite the bells!), sleeping on a trampoline, bubbling grad parties, laughing fits in the kitchen, special old pals, unforgettable times, and great friends.



JOAN ANDERSON 1970-1972, 1976-1977

MacGregor

Memories: Choir, sports, being a 'new girl' twice, Saturday night dinner 'specials', pigging at Country Style Donuts, storybook hour in cabin #1, canoe tie-ups, swinging on the swings, amphibious hands, fantastic grad parties and getting lost . . . Thanks for the memories!!!



MICHELLE ARENA 1973-1977

MacLean

Activities: Choir, Chamber Choir, Choir Librarian, Red Cross, Yoga. Memories: Elliot Lake, chasing policemen, bath tubs, "Broken Arms" Hotel, Cabin #1, Putt u. Putterchin, the Birds and the Bees in Math Class! Saying: Life is 10% what you make it and 90% how you take it!



CARROLL BARNICKE 1970-1977

MacGregor

"Some men see some things as they are and say why . . . I dream of things that never were and say why not."

R.F. Kennedy

Memories: Hall lunches, grade nine math, Beta Kappa, four minute bells, parties, S.O. — little chats, C.L. — wet, M.A. — worried, Swingles member, set up dates, The Family, and graduating twice, A beginning.



BRENDA BARTLETT 1976-1977

McLeod

Activities: Class sports captain, class and clan sports, basketball and football teams. Memories: Country Style Donuts and Yonge St., wild weekends in boarding (doing laundry), numerous laughing fits, bad cheese and grad parties, and great friends.

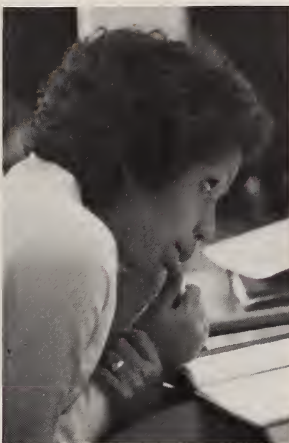
"The most wasted day is one in which we have not laughed."



LESLIE BEATTIE 1970-1977

Ross-Past Chieftain

Activities: Prefect of Grade 11, cheering, Sum of Athletic Abilities: Number 0 on the football team. Memories: Swing races, George, member of B.A.C., arrests and twangs, Kung-fu Kid, Nighthawks, stagleaping, contagious laughter.



LEXANNE BEDINGTON 1971-1977

MacLean

Memories: Monkey Man, Mother 'N', Pinky, Shorthand.

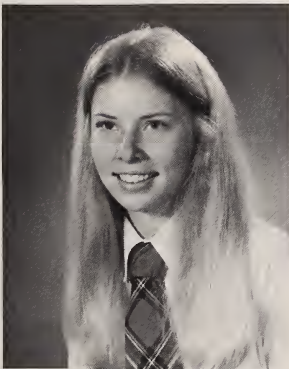
Motto: "Smile and the whole world smiles with you."



GRACE BELCH 1970-1977

Ross

Activities: Varied. Usually Found: Getting involved . . . Memories: "The Three Branksome Broads", hot talks on the subway with C.A.B., Elliot Lake, outstanding member of the H.P.V.C., the Golden Arches, B'days. "Education is what's left over when you've forgotten everything else you learned."



LORRAINE BEST 1973-1977

Douglas

Memories: The Academy, Elliot Lake, Lazy-boy, geography classes, O., C., and L., car rally, breakfast parties, subway chats, that's cool, ski-weekends, the Ritz, champagne breakfasts, Brador, Mart's farm, hard work and the greatest friends.



CINDY BONGARD 1970-1977

MacLean-Past Chieftain

Activities: SPORTS?! (Trying, nevertheless!), prefect-ing, debating, I-gor-ing for Kath, missing roll call, worrying about my worrying. Claim to Fame: Resembling our school mascot. Memories: Mme. Null-set, Lizardface, ex-Wobbs, Ottawa, "whew!", Marvin, Thelma, Chiefie, 'unique', teachers, "... all the lovely people."



LIZ BUCHANAN 1975-1977

Douglas

Activities: Past Sports Captain of 12rl, intra and inter-school sports, having fun. Will I Ever Forget: Ottawa, New Year's Fling, Kathryn's noise, eating by myself, "Whiz Was" by M.H., getting punched, Harvey's, 007, "Lizzy B", Vermont, Dubble Bubble, good friends, grade 13, and Branksome Hall.



LINDA BREITHAUPT 1971-1977

MacGregor

Activities: Volleyball, tennis, Beta Kappa, past president of 11r9 and 12rl, rushing around, laughing.

"We used to laugh, we used to cry.

We used to bow our heads then

Wonder why.

But now you're gone.

I guess I'll carry on

And make the best of what you left to me."



CATHERINE CAMPBELL 1975-1977

Campbell

Activities: Debating, U.N. Conference. Memories: The three Branksome Broads, stag dances, "Lustbucket", skiing at Osler Bluffs, training for Leader Patrol, birthdays, the Greek that got away. Ambition: Law at Osgoode Hall.

"Those who attempt new flights often fail. Failure consists not in the fall but in the failure to fly again."



CLAIRE-ANNE BUNDY 1972-1977

Ross

Activities: Choir, class and clan sports, choir librarian, Ophelio committee, president of the Junior French Club. Memories: "Broken Arms" Hotel, chasing policemen, "hot talks" on the sub, the Golden Arches, Elizabeth, cabin #1, putt u. putterchen, "hey babes", going to the dance?



KIMBERLEE CAMPBELL 1974-1977
Campbell-Past Chieftain

Activities: Grade 12 Prefect, Beta Kappa Committee, cheerleading, cross-country. Memories: Florida with M.A., Margot and Deb, Ohio State, food and boys in a low voice, junior bluebirds, MacNeill House, hockey games, Carol's stories, scheming with M.A.



LAUREL BETH CAMPBELL 1974-1977

Campbell

Memories: Sherborne, Ainslie, MacNeill, Pizza with Jackie, Grad Party, right Wendy? "Charlie under the bridge", housemothers. Weaknesses: Moustaches, roses, Led Zepplin, "Stairway to Heaven".

"Good, bad, or indifferent,

Like me or hate me

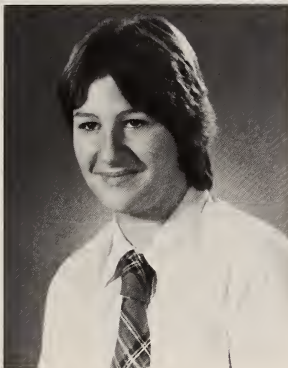
But measure me by the sum total
of what I am as an individual."

Sammy Davis Jr.

WENDY CAPEL 1975-1977

Douglas

Activities: Beta Kappa Committee, inter-house sports, clan sports, attempted tennis with Rossini, Racoon Watcher's Club. Memories: Blowing fuses with Nancy, Nancy and a lacross stick; 75 route eh Dude?" Friday nights with Marie, Grad Party, locked in MacNeill phone booth. Old MacDonald's Dairy Farm, Flash Card "Moo", SAC.



LILLY CHAN 1976-1977

MacGregor

"What a pleasure to be in Branksome Hall!

I am glad to know you all!

My name is called Lily Chan

and I am in MacGregor Clan.

SHERRY CHENG 1975-1977

Douglas



DAWN SHEREE CHIN 1975-1977

MacGregor

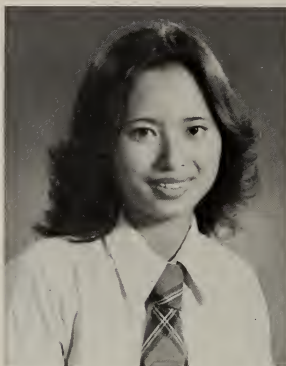
Activities: I.S.C.F. Favourite Saying:

"I'm going home!!!"

Philosophy: "Happiness consists not of having but of being, not of possessing, but of enjoying..."

Wm. Jordan





YOUNGHEE CHOI 1975-1977

MacLean

Hobbies: Swimming, dancing, drawing, watching sports games on T.V. Activities: Phoning the Pizza Place, Lining up for the telephone. Ambition: To become the Dean of Residence in Branksome. Memories: Boarding for two years, Sunbathing on the roof of Ainslie, Being on a will-power diet, the fire-drill at 1:00 A.M.

LYNDA COPELAND 1975-1977

Scott

Hobbies: Swimming, tennis, skiing, guitar. Usually Found: Chatting with the milkman at 12:30 A.M. Memories: Battle of the Sheets against M.M., hot chocolate parties, sneaking from one room to another during study, trying to skip breakfast, losing underwear in the dining room, getting up at 7:51.



DIANA COULTER 1972-1977

McAlpine

Assistant Editor of the Slogan

Alias: Deecana, Dee, Deedlebug (?), Cooouuter! LATE (almost)

To show how much
you've meant
to me,
is yet to be.

Thanks to the BEST friends.

GILLIAN CROOKS 1976-1977

MacGregor

Memories: Grad parties, listening to music with Marcia, taking candid pictures.

Saying "Life is like a field of driven snow. Be careful how you tread, for each slip will Show."

JEAN CROSS 1970-1977

McLeod-Past Chieftain

Activities: School basketball, volleyball, football, baseball and tennis teams, fifth team basketball coach, class and clan sports, Junior School Chieftain, B.A.C., dragging up Mount Pleasant. Memories: Vermont, a certain blue hat, good friends and Chinese Fire Drills.





CATHERINE DOUGLAS 1963-1977

Douglas

Memories: 14 years, from Batman to Blind Dates, T.P. at Elliot Lake, Tee-hee at the cottage with J.R., I.D., and S.S. Probable Destiny: Housemother and History teacher at B.H.S.

Favourite Saying: If you love something, set it free. If it comes back, it is yours. If it doesn't, it never was.



JULIA FOX-REVETT 1970-1977

Scott

Memories: B.H.S. blind dates, Spaghetti Factory, and Elliot Lake experiences! Ambition: To study (?) in England. Probable Destiny: A hermit in the Yukon.

Saying: "Men work together, I told him from the heart, 'Whether they work together or apart.'"

Robert Frost



MARCIA GENTLES 1975-1977

MacLean

"Until the philosophy which holds one race superior and another inferior is finally and permanently discredited and abandoned . . . Until the colour of a man's skin is of no more significance than the colour of his eyes . . . Until that day the dream of lasting peace . . . will remain but a fleeting illusion to be pursued but never attained."



ALISON GILBERT 1970-1977

Douglas

Memories: Three Musketeers, April Fools' Days, Beta Kappa, Elliot Lake, becoming a connoisseur of European food with Jane! "Taisez-vous, s'il vous plait!", c-c-complete control, eh Chris?, grade 12 lunch hours, contacts, being mistaken for Gill!

"hey Tomorrow, where are you goin'?"
Do you have some room for me . . .



SUSAN GREISMAN 1974-1977

McAlpine

Activities: Ophelo Committee, bringing extra cookies for Cathy, and talking.

Saying: "Good things come in small packages."

Quote: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time."

Abraham Lincoln





CAROL GROSSMAN 1974-1977

MacLean

Destiny: Seeing eye dog trainer. Probable Destiny: Scrubbing fire hydrants. Favourite Saying: "I'm nautious!!!" Memories: Looking for Barbara, lunches with Buddy, Wead and Barbara.



CHRISTINA GUNTON 1970-1977

MacLean

Advertising Editor of the Slogan "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever." Horace Mann Luckily Branksome memories will always linger: last minute dates, the lunch hall, Funny Fisher, and most of all, good friends.



JENNIFER GUY 1971-1977

Ross

Activities: Beta Kappa, decorating and blind dates, past clan Chieftain of Fraser. Memories: Blind dates, grade 12 parties, out in the car at lunch, Jill and Mary, Wendy out the window, T.C.



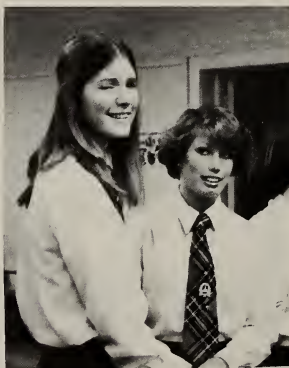
KATHRYN GUYER 1975-1977

McAlpine

Activities: Secretary-Treasurer, 13rl. Memories: Second floor Ainslie, Peter Pan getaway boots, catching buses and planes, so many (C) Kathys, MacNeill, trying to be a sparkling conversationalist, Monday mornings, elephants on Kleenex boxes, Great times!

"I've got to start acting more sensible — tomorrow".

Shultz



MARGOT HALDENBY 1970-1977

Scholastic Pastime: Douglas Clan.

Activity: Playing at Jr. School.

It's not really what is taken with you, But what you leave behind. For as long as you're remembered You'll live in someone's mind.

So long duck, fish, beavers and buds. This group of seven years has abruptly ended. You'll forever be in me, but now I'm told to Venture Out, to obtain some sanity.





DIANA HARRIS 1970-1977

Scott-Past Chieftain

Memories of: The Junior School and Mrs. Dowie, Choir trips and Annie talks, chlorine and swim shows, Prefect and Editor-in-chief, skits, the Slogan, and attempting to "Keep well the road".

"Does the road wind uphill all the way? Yes, to the very end."

Christina Rossetti



ROBIN HEINTZMAN 1962-63 . . .

1970-77

McAlpine-Past Chieftain

Grade Nine prefect, Inter and Intra school sports, Opheleo Committee. Diary: Branksome Hall Bird Club, Grade 7: Animal friends, Grade 8: Ellen, Miss B's eye openers, Grade 9: living down a haircut, Grade 10: learning how to spell piano, Grade 11: Joey, Grade 12: Beavers and libraries, Grade 13: the comb kid and grade 9's.



SUSAN HENDRICK 1970-1977

Douglas

Memories: Being late, mental math, squished in the car rally, Thursday afternoons in Vermont, right Alison? Champagne and Strawberries, Grade 12 security blanket, Happy Birthdays at Lake Simcoe.

"Though our days may go away
In our hearts will always stay
Just an echo of the sigh . . .

Good-bye."

KELLY HERBINSON 1974-1977

McAlpine

Memories: Elliot Lake, commuting, Past President H.P.V.C., shocking people, watching Nancy eat her lunch, generally having a good time.

"Think big and your deed will grow,
Think small and you'll fall behind.

Think that you can and will,
It's all in the state of mind."

ELIZABETH HERRIDGE 1970-1977

MacLean

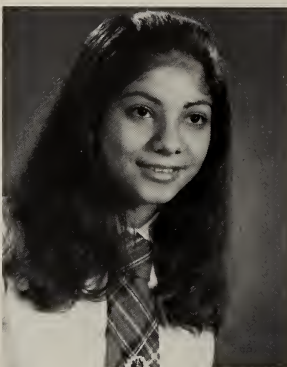
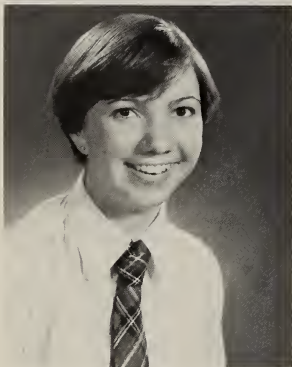
Activities: Past choir president, debating, I.S.C.F., Choir, Chamber Choir, Cross-Country, Toronto Symphony rep., library committee. Memories: "Tiberius farmer" Pegs, Flowerpot, Flapper, Gracie-Poo, Cath, Berby-baby, "That T.C.S. Bear", "Super Liz", "B" days, Vicki, "Pin". Verse: There is no fear in love; perfect love drives out all fear 1 John 4:18.

NANCY HILL 1962-1977

McAlpine

Memories: Where were you in '62? swing races, Lizard, T60, remembering but being forgotten, being corrupted by Kelly, lifetime member of H.P.V.C., Earl's Girls, Elliot Lake, back-seat drivers, jiving, weekend parties, strange knowing looks across a crowded room, good times.

"The moment may be temporary, but the memory is forever."



SORAYA ISSA 1976-1977

Ross

Nickname: Ragshaw, given by Lynda.

Activities: Tennis, horseback riding, volleyball. Memories: Getting lost at a fire drill, late-night parties, coping with my roommate, K.G.'s exercises.

KATHRYN JOHNSTON 1973-1977

Douglas

Activities: Slogan Photography Editor, choir, swimming. Memories: Elliott Lake, choir trips, parties, dances, my first blind date, meals in residence, grade 10 history, and early morning drowning sessions.

"... you have learned. One school is finished and the time has come for another to begin." Richard Bach



CATHERINE KELLY 1976-1977

Campbell

Hobbies: Swimming, photography, art, tennis, eating, and hiding behind parking metres. Ambition: Commercial interior designer. Memories: Pizzas on the weekends.



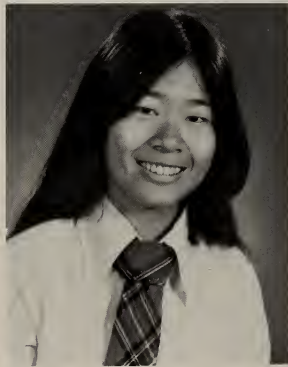
PATRICIA KUO 1974-1977

McAlpine

Memories: Dark red leaves and deep blue skies, a glass and a spoon, speaking on television, lunch in the Resource Centre, working on the Boaster, Chopin's Fantasie-Impromptu, living and laughing and loving it.

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what is a heaven for?"

Robert Browning





KAREN LAMBTON 1972-1977

Ross

Childhood Dream: To be famous. Future Dream: To be a somebody. Activities: Past choir member, Slogan Rep., synchronized swimming, debating, Beta Kappa Art Committee, art club, "Branksome Boaster". Reminiscences: "Three Musketeers" or "Troublesome Trio", fidgety piano fingers, chocolate cake faces. Saying: Tomorrow is a New Day.



MARIE LANGE 1974-1977

McLeod

Activities: Residence Prefect, Layout Editor of the Slogan, Fashion Shows. Memories: Midnight parties in Boarding, hot chocolate "sessions", crazy frogs and envelopes, "Lungey", a certain missing oxford, good friends. "Not in order to live But to make living worthwhile."

C.W. Lewis



MAPLE LO 1974-1977

McLeod

Nickname: Moan-Moan.

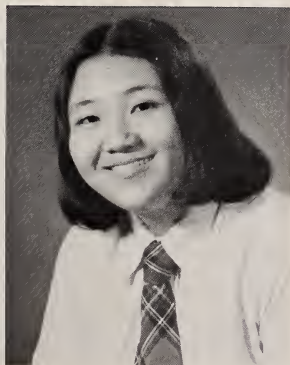
"Nothing can bring back the splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower. We will grieve not, but rather find strength in what remains behind."



JULIETTE LEVY 1975-1977

McLeod

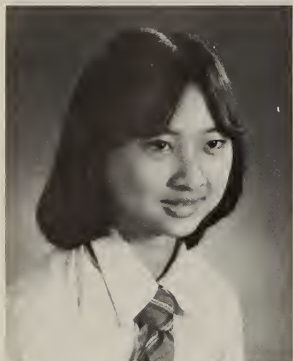
Activities: Making food for bake sales and dances. Memories: Boarding, fire alarm and ironing. Favourite Saying: "What is life if it isn't mischievous, ay man?" Ambition: To study English at Long Island University.



CORY LONG 1972-1977

McLeod

Yes, I really do keep my nail polish in the refrigerator! "Darling, you really are extraordinary", subway chats with Lor, champagne breakfast parties, please call me Cory and I'll have to teach you to be more romantic! Thank you B.H.S., I loved it! "I would rather have a fool to make me happy than experience to make me sad." Shakespeare



PAULINE LOOK 1975-1977

Ross

"The future is what I'm interested in — because I'm going to spend the rest of my life there."

Nickname: Ah Bo. Hobby: Daydreaming, eating (Mmm...)

Saying: "You can easily judge the character of a man by how he treats those who can do nothing for him."

Usually Found: In bed.

NANCY MacKENZIE 1975-1977

Ross

Activities: Beta Kappa Committee.

Memories: Champagne to Burry our troubles, broken hearted (twice), pizzas and doctors, car rally. Ambition: To sign my name to the best canvasses and to work at uniting Art and Engineering.

"Give to each moment that which the moment demands."



PEGGY McFARLAND 1970-1977

Douglas

"And then Alice asked the Mock Turtle what he had learned at school? 'Reeling and writhing, of course, to begin with,' the Mock Turtle replied, 'and the different branches of arithmetic — Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision.'"

Lewis Carroll



MARIANNE MONTGOMERY 1973-1977

Scott

Activities: Prefect, Head of Beta Kappa, Past Class President. Nickname: M.A. Memories: Florida, Ohio boys, lunch time gossip sections, first grad party R.C.Y.C. Streakers, Rossini, Rout, midnight talks, sheet fights with L.C., water fights in MacNeill, Lucia and her man. "At Brank some true friends are found and kept."



KATHRYN MORAWETZ 1972-1977

Scott

Activities: Class Sports Captain, basketball, volleyball, baseball, football, cross-country, fifth team basketball coach, official member of B.A.C. Memories: Laughing, undie-grundies, Vermont, placing last at cross-country meets with Lauren.

Saying: "To have a friend you have to be one."

CATHERINE MORROW 1972-1977

MacGregor

Activities: Literary Editor of the Slogan, Head Student Librarian, Choir, Chamber Choir. Memories: Trembling before the Spring Concert, Carol Services, a night at the Ritz, lunches with the 'Editors', "Women's Lib" arguments.

"What, sir, would the people of the earth be without woman? They would be scarce, sir, almighty scarce." Mark Twain



**SUZANNE NEILSON 1971-1975,
1976-1977**

Ross and Scott

Memories: Attempting academic looks while asleep, zoos, talking about freakies, Leave me alone, Pemby! trips to Warden, "feelers", extracurricular lunches, losing rubber bottoms, I'm Leaving! well . . . I'll try again.

"Among life's gifts, large and small, Love and Friendship are best of all."

LAUREEN NEWMAN 1972-1977

Scott

Activities: Sports enthusiast. Memories: Lucia Latrine, NooNoo, the Ot-tawa Sperge, all night talks, Izzy, shark, crying fits with Smythe, dito, mad scientist, the disease, and the Deluxe.

"Give yourself and you will unfold the hearts of many."



CAROL NIXON 1976-1977

Scott

Memories: Trying to gain weight when everyone is trying to lose, trying to study with Kim exercising, Nancy in the cupboard, Brenda laughing, water fights in the hall and classical music.

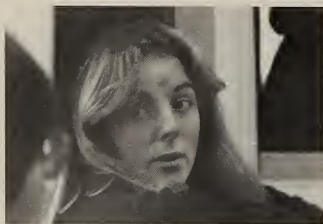
Activities: Resident psychiatrist, social convenor and MacNeill's last-minute cosmetician.



MARY O'NEIL 1974-1977

Ross

Trident gum, roots, "This is the thing", "Oh, for sure", parking at the church, Paul's for lunch, double spares, Math sittings, "yeah, right", "What can you do?", 164, hopping fences, right Patti?, coffee logged.



GILL OSLER 1972-1977

Campbell

"Education is what remains when we have forgotten all that we have been taught." — Marquis of Halifax

Memories: J.K., Elliot Lake, Surprise parties, chocolate chip dough, skateboarding, spares with Fish, being mistaken for Alison . . . Five of the best years of my life.



LIZ PITFIELD 1662-1663 . . . 1968-1977

McAlpine

Prefect of Communications

Honourary Offices: Obsolete President of the Drama Club, Member of the Branksome Bird Club. Diversion: Being a paper towel roll.

"People must not do things for fun. We are not here for fun. There is no reference to fun in any act of Parliament."

Sir A.P. Herbert 1890



STACY ORR 1970-1977

MacGregor

Activities: President of 13rl, Past Debuting President. Memories: Martha, Blue Satin, songs, diets, ankles, tears, the Bat, champagne breakfast parties, Deedles cottage, 'the' ski-weekend, Brador, Drama, contact lenses, Mr. Marshall, Group of Seven, Lady Lovely, Pep, Jewshitis, 'the Girls', faithful friends.



LORI RAVENCRAFT 1976-1977

MacGregor

Hobbies: Horseback riding, boating, and camping. Ambition: To be a horse trainer.



DIANNE PORTER 1974-1977

Douglas

Activities: Domo in the underground, going out for lunch with Buddy and Barbara. Faults: Messy uniform, bad temper, always on the blacklist. Ambition: To be a truck driver.

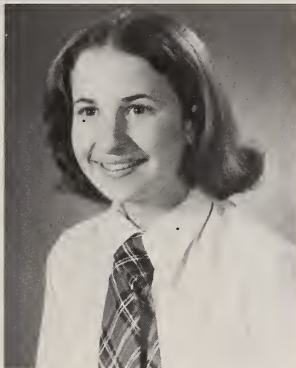




ANNE REES 1974-1977

Campbell

Activities: Beta Kappa Committee, Attending school debates, and playing the piano. Ambition: Ryerson. Weakness: Chocolate milkshakes. Verse: Of all the pleasures life can bring, Friendship is the sweetest thing.



JOANNE READ 1972-1977

MacLean

Activities: Class and clan sports, Beta Kappa Committee, past class officer. Memories: Crazy grad parties, the Ottawa experience, New Year's fling, birthday party at Elliot Lake, unforgettable times and good friends. Real friends are those who, when you've made a fool of yourself, don't feel it's permanent.



NANCY ROSS 1971-1977

Ross

Saying: "It is better to be short and shine, than to be tall and cast a shadow."

Activities: Beta Kappa committee, clan sports, inter-house sports, "Dance Chaperone". Memories: Midnight talks with M.A., blowing fuses, Raccoon Watcher's Club, water fights, being able to use a 12:30 leave for the first time, fire drills, Kitchen cupboards.

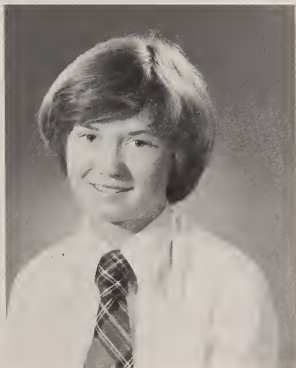


NANCY RILEY 1970-1977

Ross

Activities: Beta Kappa committee, class and clan sports, debating. Memories: Junior School, ink fights, Elliot Lake, snowball fights, French, Vermont, grasshoppers, weekend parties, blind dates, driving, fun and great times.

"Friends multiply joy and divide grief."



DEBBIE SEAGRAM 1970-1977

MacGregor

Activities: Slogan Sports Editor, attempts at gymnastics.

A Thought: There is something in the anticipation of moving on, whether it is fear of losing your security, or simply curiosity of what's ahead. But moving on is inevitable, and the time has arrived.



CATHERINE SHAW 1974-1977

MacLean

Activities: Opheleo Committee, Art Club, avoiding games. Fond Memories: Elliot Lake, playing drunks, eating Sue's oreos, spares, dinners out and dances.

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Tennyson



JENNY SING 1974-1977

Ross

Activities: Typing and guitar lessons.

Favourite Quotation:

"Don't walk in front of me . . .

I may not follow,

Don't walk behind me . . .

I may not lead,

Just walk beside me . . .

And be my friend."

Albert Camus



MARIANNE SHURMAN 1975-1977

McLeod

Activities: Swimming, gymnastics, volleyball, trying to play tennis with Joanne and Marla — I tried! Memories: J.J., Bones, moronic, sleeping under the stars, living on the same floor as Goobs. Usually Found: Talking to Rossini during study hours or waiting for Kim to get off the phone, eh Kim? Nickname: Schurmy, right Guyer?!



EILEEN SMITH 1974-1977

McAlpine

Head Girl

Memories: Water fights, Grade 11 French, last-minute beam routines, Debating, honorary member of the football team, cheerleader, talks in 12r3, Boarding.

"Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear and with a manly heart."

— Longfellow



PATTI SPICER 1973-1977

McLeod

Memories: Double lunches, "Got any gum, Mary?", 164, "Polly, want a cracker?", Saturday morning swims, Miss Scotland's messages, fashion shoes, "It's Friday!!!"

"Now and again, memories of yesterday brighten today like a brilliant rainbow..."



CAROL STINSON 1970-1977

Douglas-Past Clan Chieftain

Activities: Grade Ten Prefect, school basketball, volleyball and tennis teams, one time baseball player clan activities and other fun things. Memories: Shark, clan gatherings, MY grade 10's, weekends with friends, hearing the bell, head lights, right Lauren?, making it to the end of grade 13, fits of laughter and sorrow.

SHARON VARDY 1974-1977

McLeod

Activities: Christian Fellowship, choirs, library. Memories: "Pressed between the pages of my mind", Bi-weekly jello with the boarders, Earl's Girls, and I.S.C.F.'s "joyful noise" (?) at Prayers.

"Faith on a full stomach may simply be contentment — but if you have it when you're hungry, it's genuine."

Frank A. Clark



BARBARA THORNLEY 1976-1977

Campbell

"You can't get what you want, but if you try enough you can get what you need."



LIZ WARDROP 1970-1977

MacLean

Activities: Clan and class sports, baseball team '76, driving kids to inter-school sports, running around school, saying 'hi' and smiling, being a jerk, junior member of the B.A.C. Memories: Squirt gun fights, Harvey's, Jean locking her keys in 007, Peter Pan, Branksome Bus, Organ Grinder, Prayers and the burning blanket.



JANE WILEY 1970-1977

McAlpine

Prefect-President of Ophleo

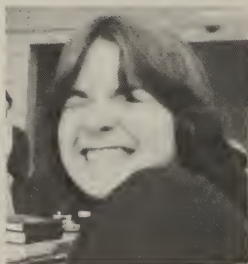
Upon Reminiscing: Past swim team captain, having a lot to do with the school grapevine, "Steaks", and trying to "de-bounce" and "de-wob" respectively.

"We can only pay our debt to the past by putting the future in debt to ourselves."

Lord Tweedsmuir

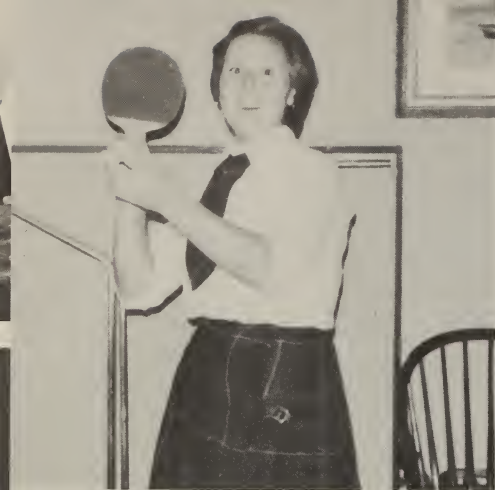


GRADS





CLASSES



G R A D E

12



12R5, 1st ROW: Laurie Stein, Anne Fraser. 2nd ROW: Jane Archdekin, Nancy Barr, Debra Colman, Flora Marie Smith, Lawrie Badger, Neo Gaobepe, Tracy Smith, Kathryn Faria. 3rd ROW: Diane Farquhar, Elizabeth Campbell, Laura Allen, Nancy Craig, Marilyn Barefoot, Gill Evans, Mary Zimmerman, Ann Fleischman, Nicky Falconer, Jacqueline Cole. ABSENT: Lexanne Bedington, Wendy Capel, Sherry Cheng, Marion Coulter, Gaelen Gordon, Carol Grossman, Jennifer Guy.





12R3, 1st ROW: Nancy Ross, Anne Rees. 2nd ROW: Sandra Nero, Teresa Wood, Paula Pettitt, Joanne Nevison. 3rd ROW: Alison Noble, Wendy Tong, Mary Adele O'Connell, Marianne Schurman. 4th ROW: Karen Northey, Gaelen Gordon, Heather Scott. 5th ROW: Nancy Ogilvie, Hayley Parker, Michelle Proulx, Lori Ravencraft, Louise Reilly, Sheila Northcote, Karen Edward. ABSENT: Sharon Munro, Barbara Morris, Jean Normand, Mary Otto, Ranjana Puri, Vicky Raper, Bonnie Smith, Susan Wurtzburg.

12R4, 1st ROW: Jill MacCulloch, Celia Hore, Karen Waters, Lindsey Hall. 2nd ROW: Maureen Sullivan, Liz Jones, Trish Parker. 3rd ROW: Nicole MacDonell, Lisa Lucas. 4th ROW: Sandy Smythe, Jaqueline McClure, Pippa Harris, Debbie Hemstead, Nancy Hutchins, Bridget Wiley, Lynne Lawson, Hilary McPhail, Rosanna Sun. 5th ROW: Dale Taylor, Heather Wildi, Lynn McGuire, Jill Hamby. ABSENT: Ines Hack, Susan Jacobs, Sue MacBrien, Heather Stewart, Helen Wedge, Dianne Porter.



GRADE 11



11R8, 1st ROW: Wilma Wynne, Janet Morris, Jean Shaffer, Ann Yarnell, Lavita Nadkarni, Leslie Shooter, Carol Pierce, Valerie Reid, Theresa Norris, Sarah Pitman. 2nd ROW: Marianne Reynolds, Margaret Moffat, Paula Marshall, Frances Murphy, Mary Jane Morris, Suzanne Shamie, Amanda Shultz, Julie Wong, Kathy Sharf, Arden Patterson, Stephanie Payne. 3rd ROW: Mirabel Palmer, Sheryle McIntyre, Pam Witby, Kim McDonald, Muffy McLeod, May Seeto, Rebecca McCormack, Lauren McFarlane. ABSENT: Lisabeth Shaub, Maria Solloa.



11R9, 3rd ROW: Janet Gilbert, Gabby Wallace, Lois Greisman, Cindy Hughes, Kim Hartill, Amanda Graham, Julia Houston, Frances Kennedy, Karen Knoll, Judith Wilkes, Marianne Judson, Alison Knapp. 2nd ROW: Christina Wood, Martha-Lynn Hardie, Alison Hicks-Lyne, Janet Hall, Carolyn Hayes, Kathy Lamb. 1st ROW: Anne Leadbeater, Cathy King, Barbara Yeh, Carolyn Helbronner, Judy Garay, Harriet, Missy Gracey, Anne Whicher, Beth Woodcock, Heather Whitehead, Patricia Laski. ABSENT: Megan Feith, Maddalena Furbetta.





11R10, 3rd ROW: Laurie Brouse, Winnie Chan, Janice Suarez, Leslie Adamson, Susan Belyea, Denbigh Attack, Bridget Duchesne. 2nd ROW: Jacqui Shykoff, Lynda-Jane Davis, Cathy McLaren, Carolyn Campbell, Ginny Cooper, Ginny Campbell, Lauren Boyington. 1st ROW: Shelly Wright, Karen Cork, Nicki de Verteville, Robin Purks, Lisa Davies, Cynthia Duncan, Mr. Nicholas, Ann Duncan, Pat Christie, Frances Thorsen. ABSENT: Lorianne Davies, Veronica Medina, Sue Skinner.



G R A D E

10



10R18, 3rd ROW: Monica Dashwood, Leslie Fenske, Karen Chisholm, Vicki Austin, Sharon Cooper, Tammy Bannon. 2nd ROW: Jill Adams, Sarah Cork, Jaqui Atkin, Estelle Tomson, Susan Drew, Kelly Burley, Linda Aird, Liz Bohme, Sue Dingwall. 1st ROW: Grace Bolton, Lisa Botrie, Kathy Campbell, Jennifer Barnes, Sheila Buchanan. ABSENT: Bambi Bardowell, Mariela Escalante, Anne Clements.

10R20, 2nd ROW: Leslie Fenske, Joy Waldie, Liz Welsh, Meg Sintzel, Barb Wood, Lisa Trinchin, Estelle Tomson, Allison Wild, Anna Van Straubenzee, Joanne Stinson. 1st ROW: Diana Wishart, Gillian Salomonson, Debbie McElroy, Mariela Escalante, Paola Covarrubias, Amaya Murillo, Nicola Tiede, Penny Woolford. ABSENT: Julie Ward.





10R19, 1st ROW: Patricia Yeates, Kristian Morrison, Kate Zeidler, Menta Murray, Elana Mayers. 2nd ROW: Kelly MacKenzie, Janet Reeve, Alex Orr, Frances Berry, Karen Michie, Leslie Fenske. 3rd ROW: Kathleen Martin, Elaine Leung, Rosana Ng, Tracy McMillan, Kristen Wilby, Debbie Melsom, Vicki Pinnington, Millie Paupst, Arlene O'Hare, Estelle Thomson, Sally Rigby. ABSENT: Judy Quinhill, Cynthia Picov, Marla Mori, Sue Martin.

10R16, 1st ROW: Carole Grey, Meredith Henley, Molly Falconer, Leslie Fenske, Joanne Feekery, Nancy Lea, Colleen Kelley, Beth Hardcastle. 2nd ROW: Judy Hayden, Andrea Hector, Beth Farquharson, Jenny Gillespie, Teresa Fischer, Kim Garside, Diana Ferguson, Tina Goldberg, Naomi Laufer, Julia Knight. ABSENT: Margaret Gooderham, Amaya Marillo, Mary Giles, Toni Hornrich.





9R14, 3rd ROW: Lisa Molle, Amanda Palmer, Sarah Ondaatje, Joanne Sisam, Catherine Saunders, Karen Moulder, Kirsten Munro, Ann Whomsley. 2nd ROW: Jane Moes, Jocelyn Smith, Sheila MacMillan, Fiona Sampson, Katherine Stewart, Shaheeda Mohamed, Zenobia Omarali, Catherine Stevenson, Cynthia Walker, Tricia Purks, Kathleen Slater, Rebecca Upjohn. 1st ROW: Clare Palmer, Suzanne Toro, Andrea McKay, Bryn MacPherson, Sarajane Mair. ABSENT: Catherine Stewart, Susie Sinclair, Jennifer Pratt.

G R A D E 9



9R15, 1st ROW: Jaqueline LaFrano, Lori Gray, Laurie Gunton, Liz Joiner, Cathy Hicks, Victoria Graham, Stephanie Hornell, Angele Yu, Amanda Woolham. 2nd ROW: Lisa Hutchins, Katie London, Jane Horner, Shirley Keates, Carolyn Woolford, Heather Irving, Randi Irvine, Margaret Kemp, Jennifer Gillespie, Hope Humphrey, Jennifer Griffiths, Christine Grant, Judi MacGowan, Susan Herold, Kathryn Liptrott, Dana King. 3rd ROW: Margy MacMillan, Lise Hafner. ABSENT: Janet Halm, Nancy Howson.



9R17, 1st ROW: Sheila Campbell, Stephanie Crozier, Madge Barr, Lisa Dowd, Vicky Bassett, Beth Ebenhardt, Suzanne Beer, Anne Edmonson, Liza Fung. 2nd ROW: Kerrie Gibson, Janet Cade, Donna Wille, Martha Allan, Paula Doyle, Kelly Bowen, Sheila Coulter, Signy Eaton, Bindu Dennis. 3rd ROW: Eleanora Cunnietti, Tracy Dalglish, Susan Farrow, Kate Wiley, Maureen Dempsey, Jane Edwards. ABSENT: Andrea Duncan, Susan Gallagher, Johanna Weinstein, Andrea Whiteacre.





Go straight ahead; you can't dodge destiny.



MISS BROUGH:

Our
Director



THE STAFF:

Our
Leading
Ladies



THE SPIRIT PROMPTERS . . .



The Junior School is constantly making progress when it comes to sports. The teams are always right at the top with spirit. Mrs. Van Fleet has been a help to me all my years at Branksome. It will be sad to see her go.

This has been a really great year for me. My thanks to everyone in the Junior School for participating in all the sports.

Keep up the Good Work

Julie.

ODE TO THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

At first I was scared,
But I needn't have feared,
For I soon found out,
What the Junior School was about.
Dinner with Grade Eight,
British Bulldog to meet my fate,
Wild dances with Crescent,
The gentlemen were "quite" pleasant.
Rabbit leaping about the gym,
The early morning hymns,
The teams are just the beginning
Of the Junior School's constant winning!

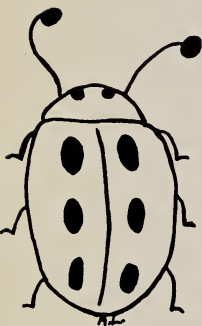
Now I'll say so long to each one through eight.
It really has been more than great!
The enthusiasm you paraded,
And energy that NEVER faded,
Have showed me all in all
THE JUNIOR SCHOOL IS THE Spirit of Branksome Hall.

Thanks Miss Brough, Mrs. Van Fleet, Julie, Chieftains,
And all —

Love n' hugs,
Margot



AND THE CAST OF HUNDREDS!



8R7: Cathy Larone, Heather Harwood-Nash, Mary Gayner, Lisa Carroll, Kathy Montgomery, Nancy Vernon, Michelle Goodman, Andrea Mori, Megan McCauley, Charlie Cameroux. BACK ROW: Sarah MacCulloch, Simonetta Lanzi, Mary Kelton, Anne-Louise Genest, Julie Robertson, Sophie Brinkman, Mindy Gibson, Kati Hickl-Szabo, Tricia Heward, Judy McClure, Julie Allan, Pam Hunt, Dana Bett, Sandra Palmer, Maggie O'Brien.

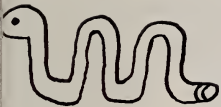
Running Free
The sun over the bow,
— and the wind —
over the stern
Sends me running free.
Sue Shaw
Grade 8.



8R3: Mary Anne Wurtzberg, Kate Trusler, Debbie Chambers, Fiona Greenaway, Liz Stuart. ROW 2: Adrienne Rogers, Nancy Lawson, Laurie Hrushowy, Rosalind Adams, Janet MacLean, Melanie Stoughton, Adrienne Lawson, Ginny Harris, Margot Greisman. FRONT ROW: Rosemary Maxwell, Jenny Pitman, Amanda Worley, Sarah Chisholm, Sheryle Paton, Cathy Mastin, Gillian Mair, Dawn Clough.



8R4, TOP: Susan Shaw, Marilyn Wallace, Margot Wright, Kathleen Stinson, Lesley Juniper. MIDDLE: Martha Younger, Carol Brebner, Alison Wiley, Kelly Hawke, Heather Davies, Victoria Evans, Patricia Reid, Andrea Doas. BOTTOM: Andrea Chlebus, Mary Vasequez, Tania MacDougall, Randi Robertson, Jean Hardy, Barbara Mullin, Gwen Baillie, Aneeta Dayal. ABSENT: Caitlin Lawrence, Mary Morden, Patty O'Connor.



A FRIEND

I would like a friend to be,
Someone very special to me,
To laugh like mad
When I try to be funny,
To lend me a dime
When I run out of money.

To get around problems
By ways and means,
But promise never
To spill the beans,
To give the knocks
But to take them too,
To cheer you up
When you're feeling blue.

To share with me,
Their wildest dreams,
To build with me
Some way-out schemes,
That's the sort
Of friend to be
— if they remember,
They may choose me!

Fiona Greenaway
8r3

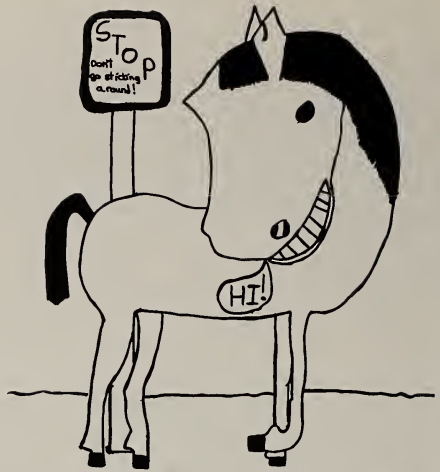
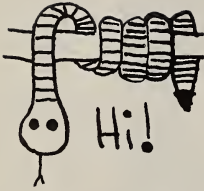


MY LITTLE FRIEND

I have a friend,
his name is Binker,
he sleeps in bed,
beside my thinker, (head).

Although you can't see him,
he is there,
making noises,
in the cool air.

Tania Costa
7r8



7R10, TOP: Wendy Buchanan, Julie Zacher, Melanie Dubois, Martha Fell, Alex Tomson, Julie Cowan, Sara-Jane Davey, Maggie Hermant, Janet Ondatje. MIDDLE: Deborah Brody, Sarah Dinnick, Linda Schabereiter, Sloane Swanson, Shiona MacKenzie, Liz Newman, Mary Litherland, Leslie Minshall. BOTTOM: Elizabeth Young, Kelly White, Chrystal Helwig, Susan Morris, Alison Diamond, Jill Fowler, Janice Loudon, Katey Corbett.



7R9, TOP: Barb Inksater, Mary Bartlett, Ashley Newman, Caird Stewart, Jennifer Scace, Linda Spence, Terry Parker. MIDDLE: Beth Morrison, Dione Ball, Pam von Strawbenzee, Lesley Crang, Vanessa Laufer, Sue Sheriden, Sue Clebus, Erica Ness. BOTTOM: Pam Adshade, Tracey Clough, Stephanie Churcher, Ginny Kent, Martha Wilson, Pam Taylor, Cari Cogan, Stephanie Toro.

A SNOW STORM

First soft little snow flakes fall
 Sparkling in the moonlight
 Getting bigger and bigger
 A wind starts blowing the snow around
 Then a howling wind starts blowing furiously
 Throwing snow everywhere
 Snow drifting across roads,
 polishing the ice.
 Slowly the wind stops and the
 snowflakes get smaller.
 Then all is quiet when the moon comes out again.

Martha Wilson
 7r9



7R8, FRONT: Tania Costa, Holly Chercover, Anne Bernard, Jennifer Ryder, Wendy Lawes, Lisa Sharpe, Carolyn Douglas, Catherine Herridge, Susie Garay, Adrienne Clarke, Lori Herring. BACK: Gael Robinson, Roberta Joiner, Lisa O'Brien, Sivilie Zakuta, Peggy Barrett, Michelle Ballentine, Emily Fells, Jennifer Thompson, Anji Dyal, Kathleen McCoombe, Jennifer Laki, Christine Czasch.

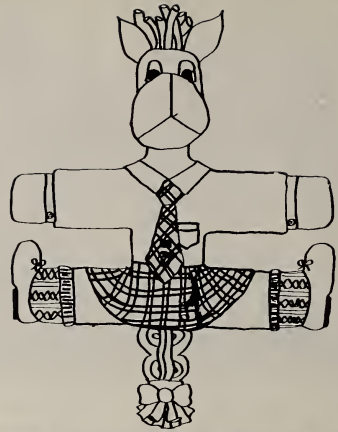
OUR MASCOT!

Ribbit O Ribbit I'm honored to thee,
You hop down the street to wait for me.
I see you in the morn,
I see you at noon,
I'll see you everyday
Till the last day of June.

With your green and red spots
I can't miss you,
I know you're my friend
Loving and true.

Ribbit O Ribbit never be blue,
You know I am here to comfort you.
With everyone dancing
And singing for you,
You certainly should know
You will never be through.
Come on girls, let's dance and sing,
For Ribbit's our mascot,
Ribbit's our King.

Margot-Anne Barefoot
Grade 6.



GRADE 6, BACK ROW: Dahne Sloan, Vivien DeBoerr, Barbara Legge, Christine Mocking, Lorelei Graham, Wendy Wilson, Jennifer Geddes, Cynthia Higgins, Jane Palmer, Isobel Calvin. FRONT ROW: Diane Daminoff, Priscilla Meffernan, Karen Mooney, Lisa Fischel, Sally Pitfield, Catherine Temelcoff, Stephane Shorter, Charlotte Alexandor, Colleen Doyle, Heidi Evans, Lenore Wille, Ellen Miller, Margot-Anne Barefoot. ABSENT: Darcy Bett, Alison Helbronner.





GRADE 5, BACK ROW: Angela Cowper, Jessica Spence-Sales, Paige Cowan, Melanie Evans, Susan Higgins, Jenifer McNab, Cynthia Swinden, Lisa Halyk, Melinda Bradshaw
FRONT ROW: Jessie Hazlitt, Stacy Costa, Beth Endean, Deborah Ing, Cathy Fairbank, Catriona Padmore, Jane Mathews, Susan O'Connor
ABSENT: Tory Wilgar, Pam Vallance, Catherine Needsham, Tiffany Lacey.



GRADE 4, TOP: Susanna Mayer, Cindy Mitchell, Tepi Cowper, Claire Sim, Heather O'Connor, Katie Weatherill, Amy Hathaway, Christina Scott, Mary Cork, Abby Shorter. **BOTTOM:** Ilena Rosen, Margaret MacDonald, Jennifer Cunietti, Dana Warren, Jenniter Patchett, Michelle Kromer, Martha Miller, Linda Norton, MaryAnn Rapanos.



NATURE

Nature, Nature,
Nature, Nature,
Nature is very nice.
Nature, Nature,
Nature, Nature,
Nature likes mice.



Brenda Molle
Grade 3.

GRADES 2 and 3, ROW 1: Richard Fortnum, Timothy Halyk. ROW 2: Meghan Jones, Denise Finlay, Rebecca Adamson, Matthew Doull, John Moise, Catherine McCormick, Kirsten Eagle-son, Sabrina Burdass, Carol RILEY, Anne Roe, Laurel Ann Fielden. ROW3: Lisa Gelinas, Cath-erine Hazlitts, Valerie Helbrunner, Jennifer Wild, Monica Mezia, Shelley Burdass, Melissa Worts, Robin Bradshaw, Brenda Molle. ABSENT: Jennifer Karsh, Stephanie Wort.



KINDERGARTEN, TOP: Todd Headon, Alana Smith, Kenlock Walters, Alexander Wild, Kevin Warren. ROW 2: Yasmin Abdullah, Dominic Doull, Michelle Fortnum, Donna Lyons, Timothy Lundon, Fiona Grif-fiths. FRONT, SITTING: Anna Bentley-Taylor, Sha-fiek Ayob, D'Arcy Headon, Sheila McRae, Jason Aitken.



SANTA CLAUS AND CHRISTMAS

Once Jesus was born. A lot of people came to see the Lord. Five years after he died, a man went to live at the North Pole. Nobody knew who he was except a man called Mr. Nick. Mr. Nick said that the man who went was his brother, St. Nick. After quite a long time of being there he began to become magic. After that a lot of little men came to see him. They liked it there so they stayed there.

St. Nick is called different names all over the world. Today he is called Santa Claus, and everywhere at Christmas time, he and some of his elfs take a trip round the world on a sled pulled by reindeer.

Matthew Doull
Grade 2.





FOR THE GRAND FINALE . . .



GRADE 1, BACK ROW: Gigi Worts, Sara Trent, Gillian Cowper, Jennifer Kellie, Mairi-Ann Padmore, Daniel Eldridge, Jennifer Kells, Shalini Patel, Nadya Matthews. FRONT ROW: Sarah Garrow, Catherine Moore, Pippa Aird, Lisa Collins, Tracey Bochner, Michael Ross, JenniferJane Griffiths.



CHOIR

Our songs will
echo,
throughout the
halls.

Long after we are
gone.

Ann Louise and
Carol.



SWIM TEAM

The year was a splash,
and we sure made waves
when we won the Bishop's
Cup.

Thanx

Mary.



CROSS COUNTRY

FRONT ROW: Laurie
Hrushoway, Mary Morden,
Judy McClure, Alison Wil-
ley, Sarah MacCulloch,
Catherine Herridge, Mary
Kelton. BACK ROW: Mar-
tha Younger, Anne-Louise
Genest, Debbie Chambers,
Kati Hickl-Szabr, Barb
Mullin, Marilyn Wallice,
Rosalind Adams.





LITERARY

COULD I BECOME SOMEONE ELSE?

I am in a sour mood today. I am sitting on a bus, homeward bound. Ordinarily the fact that I have procured a seat would have produced an extraordinary sense of pleasure and accomplishment, but today it does not matter. Nothing matters, neither the grey dripping rain nor the grey dripping people in their grey dripping raincoats. I have failed a math test. Silently I utter an expression that would make my math teacher's ears shrivel if he could hear. The bus screeches to a halt. Why must my work be judged never by me, but always by a person who is supposedly wiser? The bus groans as it starts again. Why can't I control my life, my own destiny? I want to have power. I want to become someone who has power. I wish I could do something so different or become someone so different I would stand out. But I can't. I'm trapped in my web of fear and frustration and futility, trapped into being a conventionally mindless citizen, trapped, trapped, trapped like the foxes which are hunted by the bloodhounds of the blue-blooded aristocracy of Virginia.

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Randolph III pulled off her soft fawn-coloured glove in one smooth motion and rapped irritably on the window that divided the front seat from the back seat of her husband's sleek black Cadillac. "Really, Holden," she snapped peevishly, "I wish you wouldn't drive so jerkily! You know how easily I get nauseated when the car jerks and jerks! If you don't drive more smoothly, I shall give you notice!"

She was driving from her home in Arlington to Washington to lodge a formal complaint against Lord and Taylor for overcharging her for a grey chiffon dress. She had telephoned them already, informing them of their error, but the man at the other end of the line had insisted that it was she who was at fault. She! Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Randolph III!

Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Randolph III was a most charming and influential lady. Everything she said, did, and wore was immediately copied by other Washington hostesses. Through the spineless Senator Thomas Jefferson Randolph III, she had a say in national and international politics. She gave fabulous dinners and lavish halls to which everybody who was anybody tried to wangle invitations. The President himself was honoured to dine at her house. Mrs. Randolph had entertained monarchs and pretenders, presidents and ex-presidents, military dictators and exiled generals, religious and irreligious leaders. Oh, she was a powerful dame, all right.

The bus crunches to a stop. A freckled little boy with wind-tousled hair boards with an enthusiastic little terrier. They make their way to the back of the bus slowly, taking care not to tread on too many feet en route. The bus cantankerously starts again and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Randolph III fades into the background.

The tender fingers of the wind caress the hair of a little girl, and she giggles as she tumbles on the green grass with her dog. She is shouting with excitement and dancing up and down with glee. A panting Scottie sprints spiritedly beside her, delighting in his mistress's exuberance. They seem to be indulging in a strange version of tag, interrupted by fits of laughter and frenzied tail-wagging. The sun is high overhead and the painfully blue sky arches above and lake water laps lullabies softly in the distance. Feathery breezes whisper to tall trees and birds serenade the occasional bold chipmunk who ventures out to contribute a shy chirp.

There was despair underneath Mrs. Thomas Jefferson Randolph III's elegant veneer. No one knew, herself least of all. It was a despair resulting from subconscious rebellion against life's eternal mortality. And she wasn't brave enough to do something outstandingly memorable. She had long reigned over Washington society, but even the most long-living monarch has to die. There would be other matrons eagerly grasping for her golden crown. So she had dictated Washington fashions and etiquette for decades, but what was the use? She had no control over the things that really mattered. She had been born and she would die, and she had been powerless to live.

The bus stops. I get off and begin my four-and-a-half block journey home. The sun has come out and is winking at me jovially from behind a cream-coloured blanket of clouds. The grey dripping rain has tapered to light feathery droplets. I take a deep breath and I see an arching rainbow bridging the finite and the infinite under a painfully blue sky. Suddenly I grin. Nothing is funny, but I feel good. I feel glad to be alive.

She is walking on a beach by the sea. Her eyes are clear, unafraid, unregretting, unweary. She walks with long smooth strides, a flowing poetry of motion. The water is cool to her bare feet and the sun is warm on her face and the salt is tingly on her skin. She turns towards the sea. It is a calm day, and the ripples on the surface of the water are continuous like the continuity and eternity of life. There are no breakers to stop her, no islands to obstruct her, no stones to hurt her. She looks up and sees a seagull flying, sailing, soaring above and beyond the confinements of time and space. Her soul is tickled, and she laughs.

I have arrived at home.

Patricia Kuo
Grade 13

SUNRISE

She sat
And watched the light
Spread
And bathe
Her grey world with lavender.
Rising mist leaves the street
And drifts away to nothingness.

She sat
And heard the cars
Whine
And thought
Of past days
When things were green
And she was young.

Millie Paupst
Grade 10



WINKY

Across the grassfilled meadow she goes,
with lunging bounds,
with such ease and speed
it takes my breath away.

The extended strides traverse the field,
then halt.
Snatching up the stick, she returns
with a new effortless grace,
Victorious in her catch.

Standing below me,
with her tousled mop of fur,
tongue dangling at the side,
and her glistening eyes pinning me down,
she implores me to throw the stick
again for her.
Smiling, I do.
And she bolts to retrieve.

Anne Yarnell
Grade 11



ATTICS

Dusty, forgotten,
Old covered chairs, phonographs,
Voices of the Past

Suzanne Beer
Grade 9

JUSTICE

If a pen be mightier than a sword,
then show me the truth.
For if that is so,
each letter: a bullet
each word: a battle
each sentence: a war.
And, yet,
the countless millions who have died
under the sword,
will never see the justice
of dying under the plume.

Gillian Sue Salomonson
Grade 10



Senior School

WALKING

The dull brown leaves rustled underfoot as he shuffled through them, forming a broken path. Their turning caused them to be picked up by the wind and tossed aside carelessly. He suddenly became aware of this and the footsteps ceased quickly. There must be no sound, no way for them to discover where he was. He could have trapped himself if they had heard.

He crouched down near a patch of decaying trees and listened. Would he hear them before they found out where he was hiding? He had to: they would kill him if he didn't.

As thoughts of the possible discovery raced through his head, he became unaware of the quickened pace of his breathing and the heavy sound in his chest. Only when it appeared that his heart was pounding like a drum, did he gasp and realize what had been happening. His eyes raced wildly over the area as he cursed himself for his foolishness. He mustn't be caught.

He stood up, glancing about for shadows lurking behind nearby trees. There were none. A slow smile of relief spread across his face and the footsteps began once more. With greater caution, he stepped through the leaves towards the tall trees to the right. He knew that there was safety near them, for he had been there before. If he could just reach them in time.

He kept a slow, steady pace to keep calm, and lifted his knees high so his feet would not drag. There had been no sound or sight from any of them, but he realized they could be trekking him. This thought made his feet speed up so that he had to struggle to regain control of them. He knew that he had to push such thoughts out of his head, or he would end up dead, for certain. The idea did not appeal to him at all.

He managed to return to his proper pace after a few seconds and to become conscious of the direction in which he was heading. He had not kept his course firm, for he was wandering too far to the left. A slow anger rose inside him as he realized this fear was ruining it all for him. He shook his head once and turned to the right. If they didn't get him, his fear was sure to.

Suddenly, the big trees were there before him. With a small cry, he leapt out from behind and just stood. He must be safe now; surely they did not know this place! From here, he could see the small grey roof that was home. He moved his legs and started for it.

His mother was standing on the porch, waiting for him when he got there. She could see how soiled his clothes were and she asked him where he had been. The little boy turned to look at her and replied, "In the woods, walking."

Janice Suarez
Grade 10

Prize Essays 1976*

BOUNDARIES

Consider a pea pod . . . as equally finite as the vast haunts of the human mind and the universe are boundless, or infinite. Think of the size, shape and dimensions of an egg. Compare its ability to contain matter with that of an aquarium, or of an ocean. The difference is visible, imaginable and immense — but what if it were not?

What is infinity . . . tangible or intangible? Does it exist? Is it possible that infinity is a dimension existing only in our minds, or can it be “seen” on a cloudless night, scattered and diffused beyond the fiery specks and the orbiting globes? And what of time and of love and of imagination? They too are encircled by an aura of limitlessness, unable to be estimated or defined.

Look at a clock while it passes through a minute. Now think of sitting through an hour of the “Six o'clock News”, or just quiet enjoyment. Now imagine it as one continuous cycle, night to day to night, never ending, never slowing. You are imagining infinity. Consider, too, the fact that our total existence on earth consists of one millionth of a second at a time. We progress from one fraction of an instant to another, using terms such as hours, days, and weeks to relate the amount of time we are attempting to describe. Realistically though, such terms have no substance, for only one instant of it at a time is in actual existence. What you were doing a second ago no longer exists. What you will be doing a second from now is yet to come. So what of those seconds and hours we have come through and are looking ahead to? Are they empty? I suggest they are not but are filled with “second civilizations” just like ourselves, and like us they too are in existence for only a second at a time. A second in time behind us there exists another world, progressing as we do — one second at a time, and following in our footsteps. Similarly, one second behind this “world x”, there exists a “world y”, and then a “world z” and so on. Time is an unexplored dimension, and once again you are peeking at infinity, this unimaginable element. Perhaps if you were to leap the bounds of time you would find yourself in the shower with a man from “world x” — much to his surprise, I assure you.

And what of space, the “final frontier”? Are we living inside a box or a circle or a trapezoid? If so, what is on the outside? If not, then what? Perhaps space is the “final frontier” only because it does not really exist. Perhaps the seemingly endless volume or space of the universe is merely a succession of time zones occupying the exact same finite plot of area. It could still be considered as infinite, but in an entirely different sense.

Consider the boundaries in existence: the difference between insanity and sanity — or perhaps rejection and freedom, lines drawn around a country, the capsule containing a “soon-to-be” life . . . These boundaries are there, finite and shaped — but what if they were not . . . ?

Cindy Bongard
Grade 12

*Written in two hours under examination conditions.

THE CLIFF

Cliff, standing proud and mighty against a blazing sky,
Crevices cloaked with pine and bushes reclining lie
And over the rocky mass ants clamber and die,
For who except the Gods could live so high?

Sue Wurtzburg
Grade 12

I AM YOUR HERITAGE

I remember when I was young,
Shadowy forests filled with excitement.
I remember them alive with game
To fill our empty stomachs.
I remember the wide expanse of land
Stretching green towards the horizon.
I remember my happy tribe
Laughing as another child was born
The joy in chasing,
In sharing the capture:
And now all is memory.
I am your heritage
Washed up on the forgotten shores of time.

Kirsten Munro
Grade 9





FORGOTTEN CHILD

They sit and gaze blankly, and read their books.
They nod when she's talking, but no one looks.
They're robots, methodically preparing for evenings.
Champagne and music are in the air
While she talks hopefully to their blank stares
"No time for a story tonight, my dear.
Oh, come now, child, that isn't a tear."
She told them she is lonely
"Oh sweet little bird . . ."
They gazed
and they nodded
But they never heard.

Millie Paupst
Grade 10

SNOW WAR

A layer of white lies over the earth.
And nestles in the trees above.
Not a sound is heard upon the brisk air.
The brook is frozen over:
Its waters are asleep
Beneath the cozy cover of ice.
All is still.
Suddenly a breeze flows in,
Rustling the trees, giving the signal.
From invisible cannons the snowballs fly,
Falling slowly towards the helpless earth,
Settling unnoticed
Among the debris of the previous war.

Amanda Palmer
Grade 9

SATURDAYS

I try to hide on those sad Saturday afternoons
in the dim movie house.
With a friend, maybe alone,
scrunched comfortably down
in the tawdry plush.
Enveloped by the dingy drapes,
Cigarette haze hanging languidly in the air above my head.
Popcorn half-eaten, half-forgotten,
scattered on the sloping floor.
I long for the (yellow) black-and-white glamour
of a famous Bogey flick,
and only get Dustin Hoffman —
a little bit too relevant.

All I want is some solid 1940 hero.
Tara calling me back
with one romantic sweep of wind,
an adventurous search for a Maltese bird,
a jailbreak and Mom,
anything to let me forget
what's happening beyond the concession stand . . .
Dustin just reminds me
not only of the world,
but of the cigarette-burned pillows,
the sticky soda under my feet,
and the sick feeling of too much Cracker Jack.
Something Bogey would let me laugh away.

Anonymous
Grade 9



PATTERNS

Clouds are puffy and white,
Moving designs across the sky.
The images are destroyed.
Clouds become dark and angry.
Winds whirl their mightiest across
the lands.
A vacuum of destruction is made.
It hits hard, no care whatsoever.
Clouds pour out their anger.
Terror, fear is created.
Suddenly!
Silence, stillness.
A yellow light of hope appears,
Spreading across the land.
Terror, fear melt away and
Clouds are puffy and white.

Anne Emonson
Grade 9



"So where's the Prince?!!!"

"COULD I BECOME SOMEONE ELSE?" — A Short Story.

Very soon after I had entered the office, sat in one of the modern, boxlike, overstuffed chairs, and looked once again at the elegant but functional surroundings, he asked me the question. It was casually put to me, and, as I said, only minutes after the commencement of our second meeting. He had already inquired to see if I were quite comfortable, and I mechanically replied nervously but politely assuring him that I found the chair quite all right.

There was no hint of any hidden meaning behind his question, no unctious tone in his voice that I dreaded hearing, that sly tone that would put me on my guard, warning me that here was another of those condescending doctors who thinks he is the only one who can help, and certainly that he is doing you a big favour by trying. Rather, his voice was sincere, the delivery of his question sudden yet gentle. It intrigued me and I paused before answering. Indeed, it was probably minutes later when I acknowledged that I had heard him. He hadn't interrupted in that time, and I wondered if my face had indicated that I had, at last, been provoked into thinking . . . really thinking.

I asked him, after the minutes of silence, what he meant by it. As usual, I was frustrated by my lack of words to express myself. I didn't want to know what he had "meant by it". I knew that, yet I had asked him. He did what I hoped he would, and merely repeated the question, again deliberately — but not emphatically — not as if it were the most important question in the world. That was all he said; he didn't expound upon it, or branch off into the importance of a "completely open, honest relationship between doctor and patient". He knew that was impossible for me. I hadn't told him, but somehow, he knew.

As I considered the question a second time, I fingered one of the ornaments on the table beside me. It blended perfectly with the modern, geometric motif of the room. This one was a transparent, acrylic cube, containing small pieces of mirror suspended haphazardly in the solid plastic. I knew the knick-knack was plastic when I picked it up because it was not as heavy as it looked. Nothing really is just as it appears. The clear cube looked like heavy glass, but it wasn't. I wondered about the little pieces of mirror. Were they really mirror, as you're supposed to think, or made out of a new miraculous, man-made material that fools you into thinking it's mirror?

I could see little fragments of my face in the pieces that happened to face me. As I turned it, different parts of my face appeared in the cube. Sometimes the reflection of my thumb or fingers, holding the object, would appear. But it was my face, the little glimpses of it in the mirror, that fascinated me.

This is a valuable object, I thought. I didn't mean it was expensive, although it may have been. It was valuable because you could always look at it, yet see other things. I could see the reflection of a tiny part of a mosaic on the wall behind me, a reflection of part of the doctor's cufflink, and through the plastic, part of my dress, and the carpet with the tasteful, simple design. All this just by looking into the cube. Mostly I could see me, though. Just by altering the angle slightly, I could change the fragments of me that were visible. If only it were as easy to really see me, all the different parts of me — my thoughts, my feelings, my nerves, my soul — just by changing the angle of one's wrist and looking into a cube. It wasn't, though.

I put the object down gently on the green felt pad that it had rested on before, still contemplating the question he had asked. I was surprised that my interest in his question had lasted even those few minutes. Usually, I'm easily distracted, but something kept drawing me back to the question, insisting that I consider it, demanding that I answer it.

Finally, I said something. I didn't want him to get bored. "Why would I want to be someone else?" As always, I cursed my inadequate means of expression. He paused before answering, not a dramatic pause, or one that made me embarrassed, just a thoughtful pause. "No, I wasn't happy as me all the time. But I was afraid to change. If I dreamed of being someone else, pretended that I wasn't shy, acted as if I weren't me, someone might hurt me, and I wouldn't be there to stop it." He didn't seem confused by my logic. Who am I? The question didn't seem trite, coming from him. I thought about it. I see me as me. But what does he see me as? Who is right?

I picked up the cube from the table again. I was afraid to go on. I thought I had changed the topic when I commented upon how interesting I found the cube. I told him he had good taste; I could never find things like this. I told him I liked to look at the fragments of mirror, each with a different picture. Some were of him, or the room, but most were of me. I stopped. I saw now what he meant. "Could I become someone else?" It wasn't necessary. I must be someone else with each person, each situation that I deal with. I must allow myself to dream, pretend, expand. It didn't matter that the ornament was acrylic. Nothing like that mattered. I can get by, or more than that, I can be happy, as long as I know the different people I am. As long as I know me, the inside parts of me — my thoughts, feelings, nerves, my soul, as long as I am sure of them, the other pretending doesn't matter. I am real, even if most of the world is phony.

Catherine Morrow
Grade 13



SKYLINE

Up and down
flat and angled
tiering, spiraling, growing.
Misty shadows,
grey and square.
Sharply needled,
shallow,
crowded.
Striking, makebelieve,
beautiful,
skyline.

Gillian Sue Salomonson
Grade 10

SCORPIANS

Scorpions are unique, but deadly,
A small price to pay
For beauty.

Jennie Griffiths
Grade 9

THE SEA GULL

The sea gull stood above the swells
And tuned his time-worn wings for flight.
He leapt to start his prelude strong,
And, rising on the tuneful winds,
He glided sweetly with the chords.
He soared above in fervent zeal
Intoxicated with his speed.

Then sharply rhythms changed again,
And gull descended as he rose
On falling tones and lessened airs.
His great concerto died once more.

Linda Breithaupt
Grade 13



THOUGHTS

Words, messages, jumbled
 Circling upstairs, mumbled
 Tumbling
 down
 on their way
 Flowing, bursting to get out
 The liquids and fluids swishing
 Hopeful communication suspended within
 Tension
 Excitement as thoughts depart
 Through an Orifice
 Waves of sound rebounding
 Received by one, Illumination!
 At last
 Comprehension.

Sandy Smythe
 Grade 12



LISTENING

I walked unnoticed through the forest undergrowth.
 Then I stopped and listened. I heard sounds that my ears had not heard before, as if they had finally been opened after years of shut-in silence. As I listened, I heard the fresh bubbling of a stream as it gurgled between the rocks in a sparkle of sunlight. I heard the ceaseless tapping of a woodpecker, drilling holes into the branches of a tree top. Birds sang shrill, happy notes in joyous union.

As I stood there listening, I wondered why I had not listened before.

Jane Horner
 Grade 9



THE LAIR

Among the tangled branches clothed in green,
The morning sun sheds its first beams of light.
And filtering through the dewy dampened leaves,
A perfect web becomes a glistening sight.

Each silken strand supports a shimmering row
Of sparkling crystal fire, tiny beads of dew.
Under the weight the web hangs calmly limp,
Each diamond drop reflects a golden hue.

No breeze or movement is there to disturb
The intricate design so deftly formed.
The crystal drops shrink silently and disappear
As they by morning's early light are warmed.

The sun has done its work; the strands are taut,
The web invisible against the light of day.
There is now purpose to the strange design;
The weaver patiently awaits his prey.

Leslie Beattie
Grade 13

THE RACE

I hurriedly latched the door,
to be protected from the storm.
I stood inside my cottage,
for it was so safe and warm.

I looked outside my window,
as a streak of lightning went by.
A chill went through my body,
and I let out a frightful cry.

I closed the drapes in an instant,
for I could not bear the sight
Of strange shapes outlined by lightning,
and the whistle of the wind in the night.

I turned towards my family,
sitting comfortably around the fire,
To be with them and know their warmth,
was all that I could desire.

Tracy Dalglish
Grade 9



Diane Ferguson
Grade 10

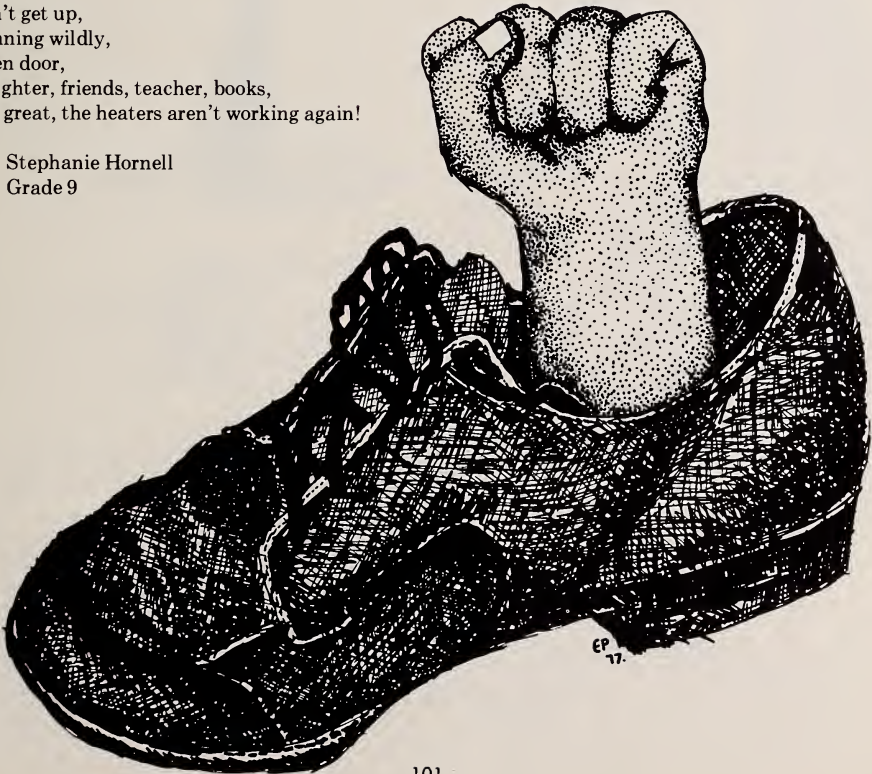
LAST OF THE SUMMER WINE

Lolling in faded deck-chairs, indulging in memories,
 Bittersweet fruit used for last year's wine.
 One was an organist, performing in the local church.
 Arthritis produced a decayed fruit.
 One was a business man, locked away in an office.
 Ability was diluted by senility.
 One lived on unemployment insurance, rejoicing in his freedom.
 The wine was left to improve too long.
 They talk together, they laugh together, they reminisce as one.
 Like a fine vintage, they believe they improve with age.
 They live in a home as wine lives in a cellar.
 Untainted liquor — last of the summer wine.

Sharon Munro
Grade 12

Running,
 Hurry up, it's cold,
 Wind blowing, snow is falling,
 Icy, freezing,
 Trying not to step in the snow,
 Falling,
 Even colder,
 Can't get up,
 Running wildly,
 Open door,
 Laughter, friends, teacher, books,
 Oh, great, the heaters aren't working again!

Stephanie Hornell
Grade 9



HAIKU

Yonge Street lights, flashing,
Glow brightly and carelessly,
Disturbing and sad

Johanna Weinstein
Grade 9

THE TREE

It stood alone;
never would it blossom again.
Beetles and bugs
had chewed their way in
to eat
the once brown bark,
now a blackish tint.
The tree's knotted arms
swayed lifelessly
in the cold, raw wind.
Occasionally
a gale would
tear
the spindley branches
while it whipped fiercely about the tree.
The rest
hung
left to decay.

The tree stood
alone.
And the wind
whipped
fiercely, violently
about it.

Eileen Smith
Grade 13



Sally Rigby
Grade 10

TO TORONTO

O City, whose concrete castles from the ground
Do stretch so very high, the planets bound,
Whose wispy ethereal clouds of smog embrace
Our very souls, and God knows to whom one may come face to face
On the subway — that subterranean mass of steel
Proof-positive that Canada's multi-cultural
Unless of course one drives a car with AM-FM radio
Past the projects of the Housing Corporation of Ontario,
A television, a phone (what more?) for one and all
Bargains in the store winter, spring, summer, fall,
A world of thanks for bringing us this far
And leaving the door of the future ajar.

Lorraine Best
Grade 13

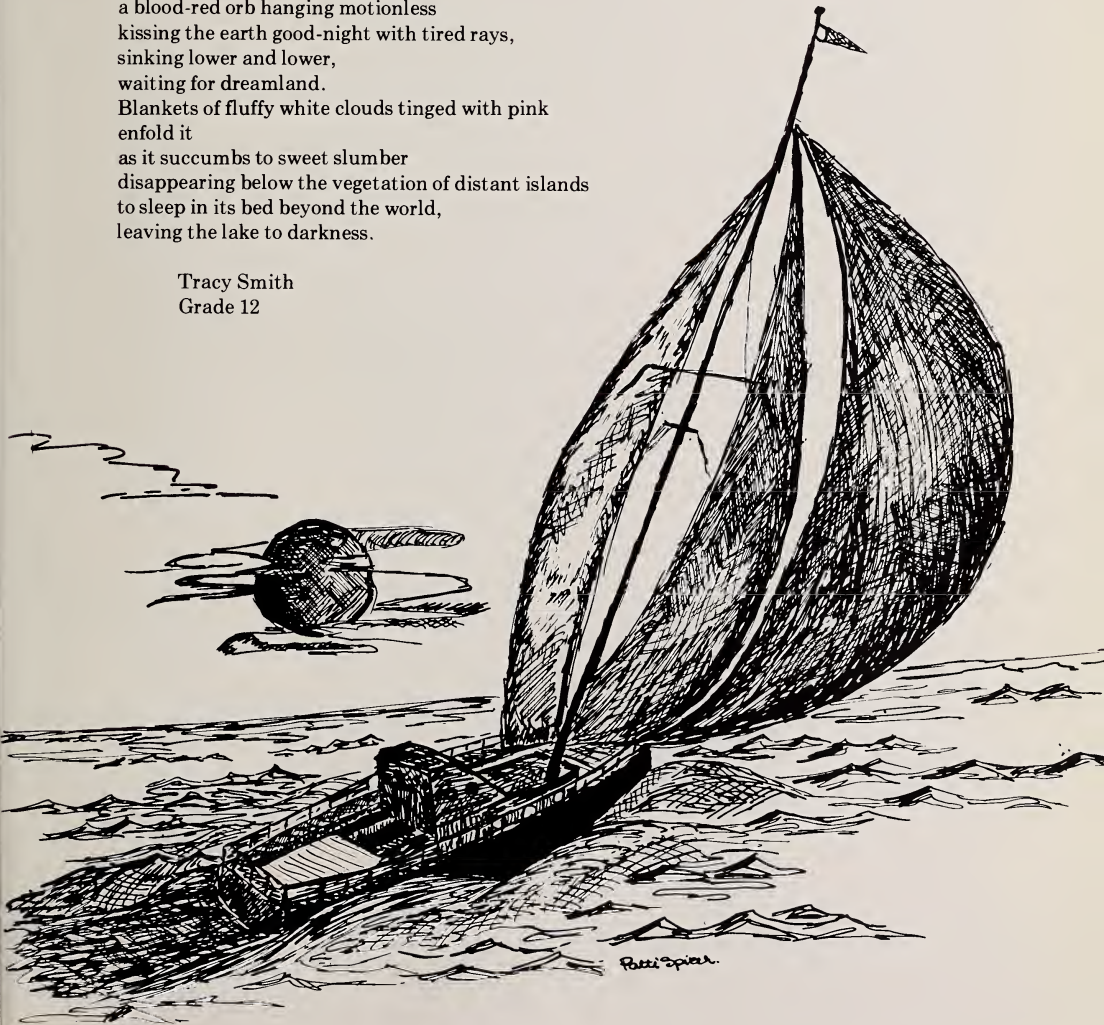
Waves,
Beating against the shore,
Receding,
Carrying my dreams away
Never to return.

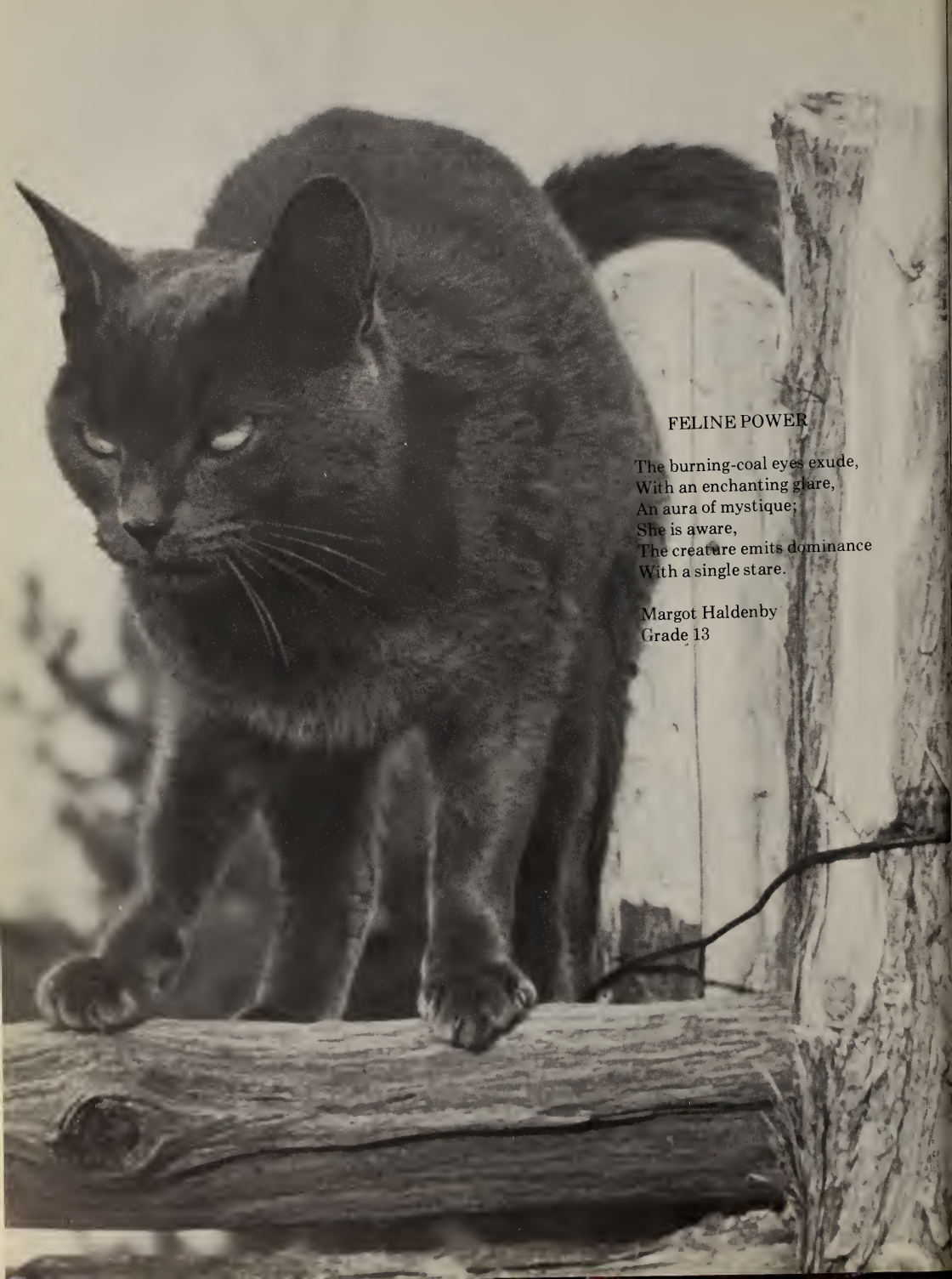
DEPARTURE OF THE SUN

Clare Palmer
Grade 9

The lake, slowly, gently lapping,
its cool wavelets advancing and receding,
sluggishly bathing each particle of sand.
Watching
the picture on the wall of blue sky,
a blood-red orb hanging motionless
kissing the earth good-night with tired rays,
sinking lower and lower,
waiting for dreamland.
Blankets of fluffy white clouds tinged with pink
enfold it
as it succumbs to sweet slumber
disappearing below the vegetation of distant islands
to sleep in its bed beyond the world,
leaving the lake to darkness.

Tracy Smith
Grade 12





FELINE POWER

The burning-coal eyes exude,
With an enchanting glare,
An aura of mystique;
She is aware,
The creature emits dominance
With a single stare.

Margot Haldenby
Grade 13



SPORTS



CINDY

SPORTS — they will get you moving!

RED faces, rapid paces,
breaking tapes in heated races.
Watch intently, see the smiles
and the satisfaction of their trials.

GREEN kilts in movement swirling
from the bending and the twirling.
Graceful bodies gilt in motion . . .
and orange cutters such devotion!
(and Ribbit!!!)

BLACK lines on wooden flooring,
emphatic cheers and frenzied scoring,
nets and racquets balls and hoops,
a quick eye and limbs and it's a basket! . . .
(oops!)

WHITE, green, black and red
will always be in years ahead
alive in Branksome Hall — no doubt —
'cause that is what this game's about.

Branksome — RAH! (!!!)

Close in basketball, on top in cross-country,
competing in classes and clans, leading in
spirit, laughing in the halls and crying in the
gym. I wouldn't have missed one eensy bit of
it.

'Thanks to many.

Cindy

They are the athletes —
they are the performers.



RIBBIT





WHO'S ON FIRST

16 and OVER BASEBALL TEAM '76, BACK ROW: Anne Reynolds, Cathy Broadbent, Lori Nero. MIDDLE ROW: Cindy Bongard, Leslie Beattie, Anne Fraser, Nancy Riley, Jean Cross, Liz Wardrop. FRONT ROW: Jean Normand, Kathy Morawetz, Sandy Smythe, Jill MacCulloch.

15 and UNDER BASEBALL TEAM '76, FRONT ROW: Lavita Nadkarni, Margaret Gooderham, Sally Rigby. BACK ROW: Ann Dunker, Sue Belyea, Menta Murray.

FRIZBEE ROUNDERS



FRISBEE ROUNDER RESULTS

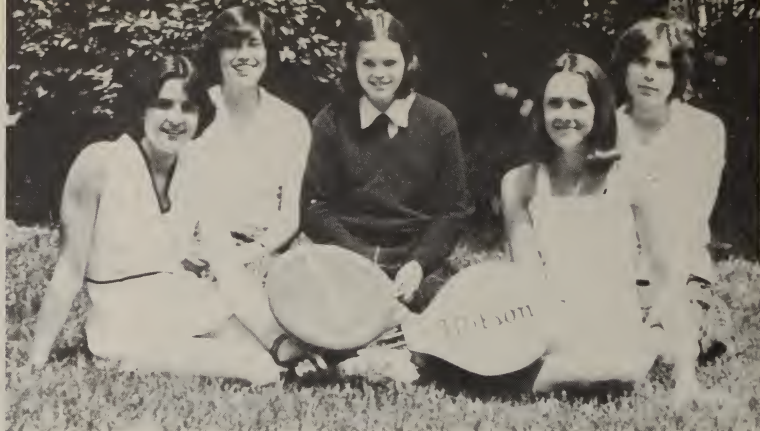
	Class	Clan
1st	12r3	McAlpine
2nd	10r20	Douglas

16'S AND OVER: Gill Osler,
Patti Abraham, Martha More,
Jackie McClure, Shirley Brown.

10-S-N-E-1
?



15'S AND OVER, BACK
ROW: Sue Wurtzburg,
Heather Wildi, Suzanne
Shamie. FRONT ROW:
Stephanie Payne, Beth
Earle, Ann Duncan, Muffy
McLeod.



14'S AND OVER, BACK ROW: Estelle Tomson, Sue Drew, Molly Falconer. FRONT ROW: Lois Gamble, Rebecca McComack.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONSHIPS, OPEN DOUB-
LES: Brenda Davidson, Jane Fraser. SENIOR
SINGLES: Brenda Davidson.





OVER 16 BADMINTON TEAM, TOP ROW: Lavita Nadkarni, Louise Reilly, Jean Normand. BOTTOM ROW: Missy Gracey, Pippa Harris, Nancy Hill.

It's a Great Racquet



14 AND UNDER BADMINTON TEAM: Kathy Stewart, Paula Doyle, Briget Duchene.



15 AND UNDER BADMINTON TEAM: Arden Patterson, Anna Van Straubenzee, Heather Wilde, Celia Hore.



BLOOMERS ARE BETTER

for less wind
friction

Nicole MacDonnell, Celia Hore, Pippa Harris, Bridget Wiley, Sandra Smythe, Laureen Newman, Heather Scott, Karen Northey.



The sport of cross-country running is relatively new to Branksome, has spread in popularity. Both the junior and senior school teams participated enthusiastically in this growing sport. The three teams have performed with both private and public schools in various meets and showed true Branksome spirit. All Branksome teams returned victorious from the meet at — Wilket Creek Park. JUNIOR WINNER: Kate Wiley. INTERMEDIATE: Muffy McLeod. SENIOR WINNER: Bridget Wiley.

Although Branksome has not placed first in every cross-country meet, their support was out in full force.

BACK ROW: Jennifer Borins, Cathy Martin, Monica Dashwood, Margaret Lawson, Anne Clements, Jill Adams, Trish Purks, Anna Van Straubenzee, Arden Patterson, Brigitte Duchesne, Clare Palmer. FRONT ROW: Janet Hahn, Jill Palmer, Jennifer Pratt, Sarah Ondaatje, Bryn MacPherson, Andrea McKay, **Kate Wiley**, Bindu Dennis, Katie Lunden.





36-24-36 HUP!

FOOTBALL, L - R., TOP: Margaret Gooderham, Cindy Bongard, Celia Hore, Pippa Harris, Sheila Coulter, Brenda Bartlett, Anne Fraser, Barb Morris, Carolyn Campbell, Ginnie Campbell, Monica Dashwood. BOT-TOM: Louise Reilly, Bonnie Smith, Sandra Smythe, Lauren Newman, Kathryn Morawetz, Maureen Sullivan, Jill MacCulloch, Jean Normand.



This season was a booming success.

With our famous plays . . . figs, dates, prunes, and of course "stuff it" we managed to reign victorious in the majority of our games.

Keep up the good work fellow football players . . .

1, 2, 3, BREAK!

Loads of love,

Lauren, Kathryn and Sandy



1st TEAM BASKETBALL, TOP, L. - R.: Janet Hall, Laureen Newman, Liz Buchanan. BOTTOM: Brenda Bartlett, Captain; Joan Anderson, Jean Cross, Jan Anderson. ABSENT: Carol Stinson, Kathryn Morawetz.

DYNAMIC DRIBBLERS TIMES 5

3rd TEAM BASKETBALL, TOP, L. - R.: Monica Dashwood, Molly Falconer, Celia Hore, Estelle Thomson, Suzanne Dingwall, Rebecca McCormack. FRONT: Sheila Buchanan, Andrea Hector, Sally Rigby, Sheryle McIntyre.

5th TEAM BASKETBALL, TOP: Alison Wiley. MIDDLE, L. - R.: Isobel Calvin, Tricia Heward, Catlin Lawrence, Cathy Stinson. BOTTOM: Sandra Palmer, Margot Wright, Simonetta Lanzi, Mary Kelton, Captain; Sarah MacCulloch.





2nd TEAM BASKETBALL,
TOP, L. - R.: Heather Wildi,
Anne Fraser, Jill MacCulloch,
Bonnie Smith. BOTTOM: Ann
Yarnell, Michelle Proulx,
Sandra Smythe, Diana Far-
quhar, Jean Normand.



AUTUMN ROUND ROBIN RESULTS

1st B.H.S.

2nd BSS

3rd Havergal

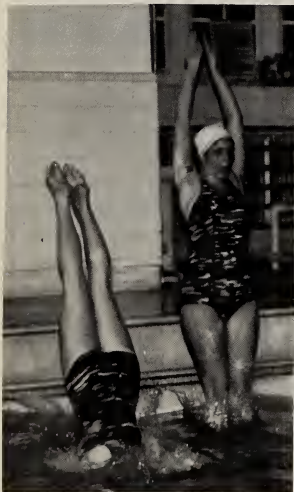
Three Cheers!

4th TEAM BASKETBALL, TOP, L. - R.: Jackie Atkin, Kate Wiley, Laurie Gun-
ton, Bindu Dennis. FRONT: Leslie Fenske, Lori Gray, Randi Irvine, Cathy
Martin.



BISHOP CUP RETURNS

SWIM TEAM, BACK ROW, L - R: Maureen Sullivan, Andrea McKay, Beth Ebenhardt, Mrs. Lumsdon, Ann Duncan, Louise Reilly, Laura Allen. FRONT ROW: Sara-Jane Mair, Jenny Gillespie, Pippa Harris, Lesley Adamson, Pam Wilby, Ginny Cooper. ABSENT: Judy Garay, Kate Wiley, Marie-la Hustaedo, Andrea Whiteacre, Martha Allan, Penny Woolford, Menta Murray.



BISHOP'S CUP RESULTS
 1. Branksome 138 pts.
 2. Middlesbrough 120 pts.
 3. E.S.S. 93 pts.

After months of early morning practices the swim team rose to victory this year winning the Bishop Cup for the 9th time. A first for Branksome was to compete in a swim meet against St. George's and U.C.C. To everyone's surprise we beat U.C.C. but failed to defeat St. George's. A rematch was held at Branksome against St. George's. Unfortunately we were beaten again, but we had a great time, and I'm sure all those present would agree that we were far superior in the diving exhibition. Our synchronized teams were fairly successful at Havergal, placing second in the group routines. We are now looking forward to a successful swim show. Thanks for a great year. Maureen.



SYNCHRONIZED

"Well Ribbit isn't our mascot for nothing."

SYNCHRO, BACK ROW, L. - R.: Karen Mooney, Jennifer Geddes, Jane Wiley, Jean Normand, Pippa Harris, Jennifer Gillespie, Beth Ebenhardt. MIDDLE ROW: Colleen Doyle, Wendy Wilson, Dahne Sloan, Sue Martin, Lynn Lawson, Kathy Johnston, Diana Harris, Maureen Sullivan. FRONT ROW: Sue Wurtzberg, Margaret Moffat, Sara-Jane Mair, Bridget Wiley, Anne Fraser, Eileen Smith, Louise Reilly, Ginny Cooper.

NADIA "EAT YOUR HEART OUT!"



NET WORK

14 AND UNDER VOLLEYBALL TEAM, TOP ROW: Kate Wiley, Margie MacMillian, Shelia Coulter, Jackie Atkin, Cathy Martin. BOTTOM ROW: Bryn MacPherson, Miss Ralph, Jennifer Gillespie.



15 AND UNDER VOLLEYBALL TEAM, TOP ROW: Kathy Campbell, Monica Dashwood, Sheilia Buchanan, Ann Dunker, Martha-Lynne Hardy, Rebecca McCormick. BOTTOM ROW: Molly Falconer, Andrea Hector, Menta Murray.



JUMP



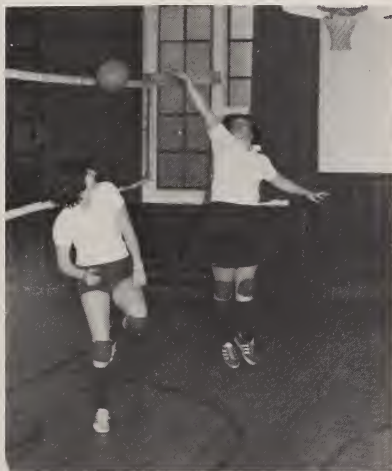


BUMP! SPIKE!

SET



SERVE!



16 AND OVER VOLLEYBALL TEAM, TOP ROW: Janet Hall, Jill MacCulloch, Sandy Smythe, Kathryn Morawetz. BOTTOM ROW: Liz Buchanan, Carol Stinson. ABSENT: Robin Heinzman, Jean Cross, Carolyn Campbell, Jan Anderson, Brenda Bartlet.



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**What a few words
in the right place
will get you**

homes **JANUARY** **CLOSE-OUT**

ADS



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Best wishes, Branksome.
Those of you who are
leaving move on to new
challenges. Those who
stay will mold the
Branksome of the future.
All will share in the rewards
and memories of a
great school.



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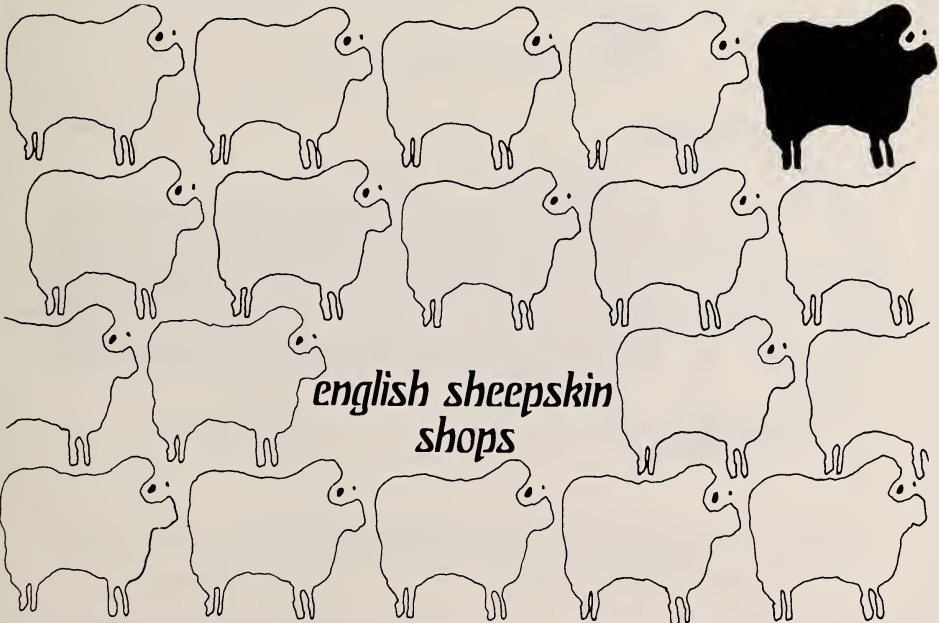
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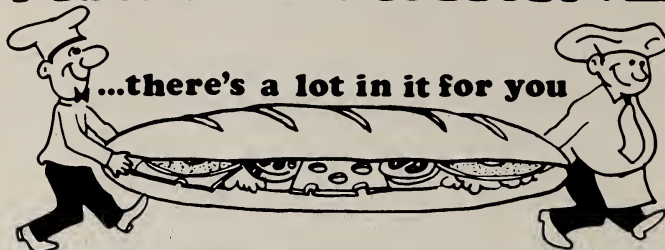
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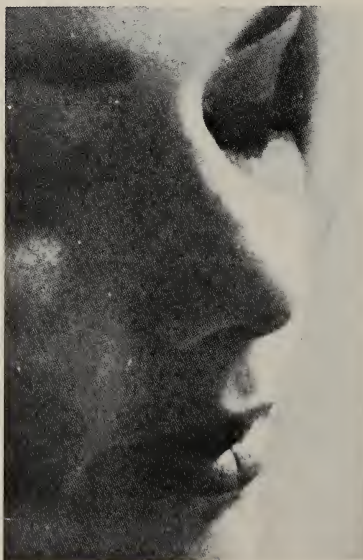
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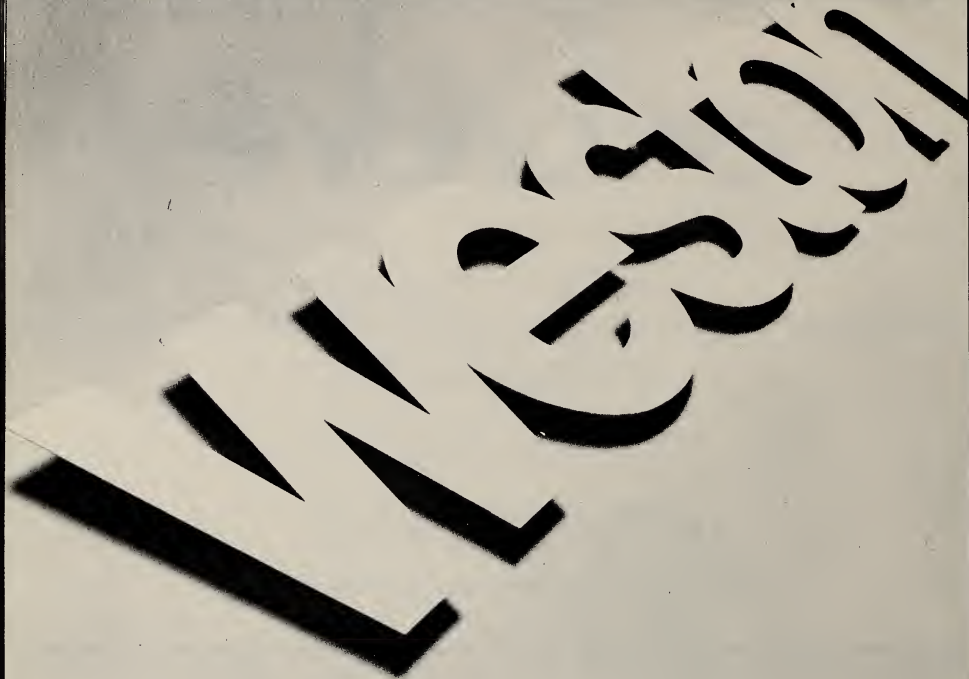
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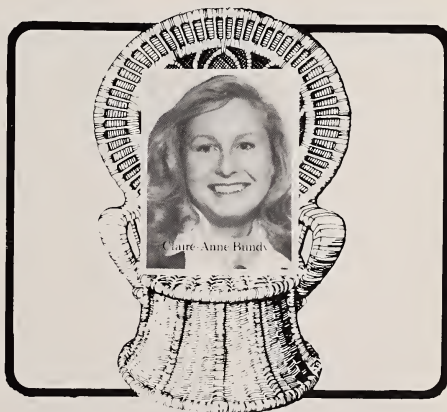


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